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DETROIT

ORDER THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG has struck a fourth time in twenty days, and the new front of attack transfers the direction of the Allied thrust to an area which points more directly to the final objective of the Ypres battles. While the assaults were delivered towards the east, their bearing upon the coastal sector in Germany's possession was only appreciated by implication; but an advance through the Forest of Houthulst need not proceed very far before it would give the opportunity of taking the coastal communications by cross-fire. But first of all the forest must be cleared. Its immediate importance to Sir Douglas Haig is that the Passchendaele end of the ridge can be shelled by the fire of the massed guns which use the wood as cover. On the other hand, the wood is now in a salient, and can be taken by cross-fire. The Battle of Broodseinde gave the British command of the cross-roads on the top of the ridge; but from that point the line sloped back to the north-west through Poelcapelle to where the French troops lay on the western bank of the Broonbeck. The positions at Broodseinde already gave observation over Passchendaele; but the whole ridge must be cleared sooner or later, and it was wisely decided to make this part of the advance coincide with an attack which should cover the flank it offered to the Houthulst Forest by moving against the positions concealed in the wood.

THE new attack was launched at 5.20 on Tuesday morning on ground waterlogged from the recent heavy rains. The French, under General Anthoine, crossed the Broonbeck between Draeibank (one mile north-east of Bixschoote) and Wydendref. Their movement was difficult to accomplish, since it involved the pivoting of

their left flank upon the river positions near Draeibank, and carrying their right well forward on the left of the British. The front was but a mile and a half in extent, but the ground to be seized was covered with those "pill-box" defences, fortified farms, and isolated works, which are the familiar foundations of the new defensive. The depth of the advance averaged about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and included the fortified villages of Mangelaare and Veldhoek, and the southern fringes of the Forest of Houthulst. The assault was brilliantly carried out, and was much assisted by the French airmen, who, despite the gale, flew low down and fired upon the Germans. The British on the right of the French also went forward with great dash. English, Welsh, Irish, and Guards regiments seized all their objectives, and pressed forward to the outskirts of the forest. At Poelcapelle, where the line was left at the cross-roads on October 4th, the village was cleared. In the centre the line was pressed eastwards towards the main ridge, but against serious resistance. On the ridge itself a Territorial Division of Manchester, East Lancashire, and Lancashire Fusilier regiments advanced a mile northwards along the ridge, fighting with the greatest determination and gallantry.

THE Australians on the extreme right again moved forward with an apparent facility, and, advancing to the lower levels of the eastern slopes of the ridge, carried all their objectives. The German counter-attacks were delivered with considerable force during the evening, and their chief weight was thrown about the sector which covers the angle where the line left the fringes to the forest to turn south-east in front of Poelcapelle. The Ypres-Staden Railway runs north-east on the outskirts of the forest, and north of this point the line was assailed in vain. But south of it for some 2,000 yards, the positions which covered Poelcapelle had to be abandoned, and the line was withdrawn slightly. The fighting was continued in a desultory way during Wednesday; but there were no further counter-attacks. The number of German prisoners taken was 2,038, including 400 taken by the French. The relative numbers agree roughly with the relative lengths of the front attacked, and the day's battle might have been considered a new and normal success but for the set-back towards Poelcapelle. This was only a local mishap, and has some explanation which it would be good to hear. It is proper that Sir Douglas Haig should have reported this local retirement. It is much wiser to let our people know the whole truth than to feed them on fables.

UNDER the new system of defence, the battle really begins when the assaulting troops, spent and weary, have forced their way, at the cost of much lack of cohesion, through the front defensive area. This is presumably what happened on Tuesday. Probably our troops, tried more than usually by the terrible conditions, were unable to resist their new assailants. A local retirement is what the Germans hope to enforce on every such occasion. But the rhythm of the modern battle is always changing; it hardly achieves one new character before it takes on another. The front area with its pill-boxes is

meant to be sacrificed. Its object is to check and weary the assaulting troops. But the realization of this is liable to ruin the whole of the new scheme of defensive. The German troops in the front area are certainly beginning to see that their rôle is that of death battalions, and, of course, they will not fight for ever under such conditions. They will surrender as soon as the opportunity offers. If they do, then the whole elaborate edifice of the new defensive fails. The assaulting troops will meet the German picked shock troops on the edge of the front area on fairer conditions. The new battle will tend to revert to the type of encounter battle that has been so rare in the war on the main fronts. There is no safety for the Germans in this, and their only escape from an apparently inevitable development is to return to the system which will hold the front areas in a more corporate fashion, which will cease to cut up the army into fragments. We seem to be reaching a moment when the offensive will be once more in the ascendant.

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THIS week the world has again seen the door of Peace barred and bolted against it. The act is Germany's, but it has been led up to by a form of speech in which Mr. Asquith showed less than his accustomed dexterity. In the House of Commons Mr. Asquith, who still practically conducts our diplomacy, suggested that Germany should say plainly whether she was prepared to restore Belgium to a state of unconditional independence. That was an excellent method of approach. At Leeds he repeated this demand, but added to its form by calling for a simultaneous German declaration on Alsace-Lorraine. The German answer might have been expected. It was an uncompromising "Never" on Alsace-Lorraine, coupled with a statement that, with the exception of the French demand for the return of Alsace-Lorraine, there was "no absolute impediment to peace." That may be taken as a hint that a surrender on Belgium may be had for the asking. But on Alsace-Lorraine there will be "no concessions" in any form. Thus "statesmanship" has come crash up against the great rock of European politics, and the hopes of peace have been wrecked on it. Mr. Asquith and Mr. George have united in saying that we adhere uncompromisingly to the French claim, and the "Times," profiting by the occasion, insists that even if von Kühlmann climbs down and offers a compromise on Alsace, it must be rejected, and the slaughter go on. It is, of course, true that without a good and generous settlement of Alsace, there can be no permanent European peace. But neither will it come (failing the destruction of Germany) from a purely national and exclusive treatment of it.

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AFTER an animated and excited week in the Main Committee of the Reichstag, the busy process of climbing down has reached the point at which the Chancellor defends the Majority resolution against the attacks of the Jingoos, and with comparative clearness indicates the kind of peace which Germany hopes to obtain on that basis. The speeches of the Chancellor and von Kühlmann on October 9th, will certainly mean the end of that internal unity of which they so emphasize the necessity, above all since the dissociation of the Government from the Pan-Germans took place on the Socialist interpellation concerning the propaganda made by the officials and the Army command for von Tirpitz's "National Party." Michaelis evidently thought he could escape the awkwardness of the situation by putting up the unpopular Helfferich to speak for him. Helfferich merely succeeded in making the situation, which von Stein, the War Minister, had left rather electric, positively explosive. The Budget was referred back, and the Main Committee insisted on the Chancellor explaining in person, with what they are bound to consider very satisfactory results; for the Chancellor was forced by the Reichstag to "tell off" the Pan-German opponents of the Reichstag resolution. He will not be forgiven.

So the domestic situation is eased to the Left. Probably to square matters, von Capelle chose the occasion for his "revelation" of an attempted mutiny in the German Fleet, which, he suggested, had been concerted with prominent members of the Independent Socialists. It is clear that the movement was not, in the military sense, serious; if it had been, von Capelle would not have admitted its existence, and the sentences (amounting in all to one or two capital sentences and 200 years' penal servitude) would have been incomparably heavier. Moreover, if Haase and Dittmann really had been involved, they would have been arrested (immunity or no immunity) long ago. The "revelation," however, does show that the German authorities are distinctly nervous of Independent Socialist propaganda, and are attempting to exploit a fortuitous connection between some mutinous sailors and the movement in order to obtain the popular sanction for repressive measures against it. As we recently pointed out, the published figures of the Majority Socialists suggest that they are now hardly stronger than the Minority. The strength of the Minority serves the useful purpose of keeping the Majority active in order that they may not lose more ground. To follow an active policy of suppression against the Minority is, therefore, to weaken the Majority also. One may surmise that this is the intention of the German Government. It is a dangerous game to play.

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HOWEVER, one may fairly say that the German Government is still steering more to the Left than any German Government before it. After many despairing reports of its having yielded to the Conservative attempts to shelve the Franchise Bill, which were to a certain extent confirmed, first by the postponement of the session of the Diet from October 9th to October 16th, and by the subsequent announcement that the Bill was not to be introduced until the beginning of November, a semi-official agency has calmed the fears of the Radicals by stating that the Government was determined to carry its Bill through. If the Diet, in which, of course, the Conservatives command a majority, rejects the Bill, it will be dissolved. That is the only way to deal with the Prussian Junker, and if the Government stands to its words, the Junkers will be faced with the choice between capitulation and political decimation. The franchise proposed by the Government closely resembles the English Parliamentary franchise. It is slightly less Radical than that for the Reichstag, for it contains a residential qualification. Meanwhile, the contents of the Bill for reforming the composition of the Prussian "House of Lords" have been made known. The reformed House will consist of about 360 members, one-third nominated by the King, and two-thirds elected representatives of agriculture, industry, the workers, the great towns, &c. Roughly, one-half of the elected members will represent the country, and one-half the town. It will certainly be a Conservative body, but it will have a considerable Liberal leaven.

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COUNT CZERNIN's speech, with its obviously sincere advocacy of disarmament and arbitration, has been received with violent and coarse abuse by the Jingo parties in Germany. The Berlin organ of Krupps refers to it elegantly as "pothouse talk," language which one may welcome as a symptom of the dawning consciousness among the makers of armaments that their day of doom is at hand. But is it not high time that a responsible statesman in the Entente countries made some sympathetic reply to this eloquent endorsement of principles which the Allies have professed to regard as their own? He could do it without yielding an inch on the concrete conditions of peace, and he would thereby disarm in advance the anti-English propaganda which Germany will derive from our silence. Meanwhile, in Austria itself affairs appear to be speeding towards another crisis. The von Seidler Cabinet has not one single party (unless, perhaps, the Christian Socials) on whom it can rely to pass its Budget. Well-intentioned bureaucrat though he doubtless is, von Seidler made the serious tactical mistake of omitting a Czech representative from his Cabinet.

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Had his Government been a Parliamentary one, this would have been only logical, seeing that the Czechs persist in open opposition. But it happens to be a professed Cabinet of officials in which the Czechs have as good a right to have an official of their own as any other of the nationalities. Von Seidler's action, therefore, has increased the difficulties of the moderate section among the Czechs. But he is faced with opposition on every hand; and he can hardly last much longer.

A NEW Russian Coalition Government was formed on October 8th. Kerensky is Premier and Commander-in-Chief, Terestchenko remains Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the majority of the important appointments are in the hands of Minimalist Socialists. There are four Cadets and two independent bourgeois Ministers in the new Cabinet. This compromise was not reached without great difficulties of a kind that augur ill for the future. On October 4th, seeing that there would be a vote in favor of a Coalition which excluded any non-Socialists implicated in the Korniloff movement, the Bolsheviks marched out of the Democratic Conference in a body. It is clear, moreover, that if the Soviets alone had been represented at the Conference (as they, quite unjustly, claimed), there would have been a majority against a Coalition. However, the delegates of the Zemstvo and the co-operative societies carried the day. There is no doubt that the new Government will be pursued by the implacable hostility of the Bolsheviks. Forceful suppression of their anarchic activities may well be necessary; but that is a matter for the Petersburg Government to decide. The duty of the Allies is clear. For the new Government much will depend on the success which attends Terestchenko in his mission to negotiate a revision and a plain statement of Allied war-aims. He will be attended officially by a direct delegate of the Socialists. If the Allied Governments meet the Russian needs in an honest and liberal spirit, the situation in Russia may yet be restored. If they do not, they will arm the Bolsheviks with new weapons, and hasten complete anarchy.

THE reports of the proceedings at the French Socialist Congress at Bordeaux, which opened on October 6th, are extremely, and no doubt deliberately, deficient. A straight vote, taken on the question whether a Kienthaler should be allowed to occupy the chair in his turn, showed that the Minority could command about 1,350 votes, as against the 1,450 of the Majority. Obviously, in the face of an opposition so strong, the Majority, led by MM. Renaudel and Thomas, had to go some distance to meet the minority. On the last day, October 10th, a Majority, a Minority, and a Kienthal resolution were simultaneously put before the Congress, and the voting was 1,552, 831, and 385 respectively. One hundred and eighteen votes were cast against voting the credits under any circumstances, and there were 85 abstentions. The Majority resolution, which was of such a kind that about a hundred members of the Minority voted for it, was extremely long, and only a very inadequate summary has been received. But even the "Times" admits that it "pronounces firmly" for the Stockholm Conference and for participation in the Government. The message is silent on the important point whether participation in the Government is made conditional on the granting of passports to Stockholm, although the context suggests that this is the case. It certainly was so if, as the messages assert, the Minority resolution hardly differed from it. On the whole, therefore, the result of the Conference seems to have been a strengthening of the Stockholm policy in the party, while it has left the Kienthalers and the Extremists a comparatively negligible minority.

THE Second Chamber Conference under Lord Bryce's chairmanship has begun its work. We regard it with great distrust, and hope that the not too effective Liberal element will have regard to the general democratic fear

that it may issue in a strengthening of the Second Chamber. We have only to repeat the conclusions of a series of earlier articles on this subject. We then argued:—

(1) That Liberals would not go back on the Parliament Act, so far as that measure was designed to satisfy the essential feature of the Constitution—namely, the supremacy of the House of Commons in finance, in the control of Ministries, and in general legislation.

(2) That the primacy of the Commons might be seriously invaded by any body deriving directly from the constituencies.

(3) That in any case the imposition of a check on the work of the House of Commons, even though limited in form, is undesirable, and must aggravate the existing block in legislation.

We therefore suggested a small Second Chamber, consisting of not more than a hundred elected members, with a small nominated quota, chosen by, but not from, the existing House of Commons and its predecessor. We see no reason to vary this view.

THE Agricultural Trade Board was set up last week. It is to include eight members chosen by the trade unions, of whom six will be elected by the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, and two by the Workers' Union. This announcement ought to be the signal for an active propaganda to strengthen trade-union organization in the villages. We urged in the early days of the war that in any agricultural organization the laborers' unions should be given a definite place. This ought to have been done in the case of the County Committees. There is no reason to rejoice over a minimum wage of 25s. for agricultural labor, but there is every reason to welcome the recognition of the unions to which it has led. It is to be hoped that the two unions will work in harmony. From this Board there may develop an organization representing agriculture to correspond roughly with the Industrial Councils to be set up under the Whitley Report.

OUR Episcopal Bench has suffered so much from a want of clearness in Christ's attitude to war, as compared with that of the more definite Jehovah, that we gladly recognize the tolerance which the Bishop of Exeter, in his letter to the "Times," extends to the humbler victims of a regrettable misunderstanding. Christian C.O.s are, as he points out, properly ranked with Mohammedans and Hindus, and therefore call for similar treatment. We forbear from administering a compulsory course of pork or cow to these sectaries. On the same principle of toleration the Bishop rejects the right to torture Christian fanatics for refusing to kill. This is a great advance on the attitude of Nero, and even of Marcus Aurelius, and we cannot but be grateful for it. But a difficulty arises when we come to those inmates of Dartmoor who oppose military service without sheltering themselves behind the misinterpreted teaching and example of Christ. For this class of "Conchys," who have developed revolutionary tendencies, the good Bishop would reserve a somewhat different regimen. He proposes to transplant them to some portion of England, "frequently visited by the enemy aeroplane," where they would enjoy the chance of a "sudden conversion," or, at least, of attaining "a truer view of the political situation." There is something to be said for this course, but the Bishop will not, we hope, suspect us of Latitudinarianism if, when confronted with the alternative of throwing the Christians or the non-Christians to the Gothas, we reluctantly decide against him. Our objection is not entirely a theological one. The true and only point of consideration is, we presume, the offence against the State. And that appears to us to lie less with the man who merely affirms an individual objection to war than with him who blasphemously associates his abandoned opinions with those of the Divine Head of the English Church.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE COMING DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE country has hardly begun to realize the fact that in a few months, if all goes well with the Reform Bill, its electorate may formally be registered as a democracy. We are not thinking only of the mechanical change, though that will be great. In numbers we suppose that the present constituencies will be about doubled. We are now represented by some eight million voters. The new electorate will consist of about sixteen. Its character will undergo a still greater transformation. Of the new voters, about six out of every eight will be women. Again, of the six million women voters, about five millions will be married, and only one million single. The new voting element, therefore, will be firmly planted in the centre of the national life. For the present, it will be a voting force only. The country still qualifies its acceptance of the democratic idea. But it has grown so familiar with the figure of the woman in council that her presence in Parliament hardly suggests itself as a novelty. In the midst of the great male occupation of war, the community has lost the exclusive stamp and complexion of the Male State. It has only to receive the full public impress of the dual consciousness which governs all its interior living.

But even then it will not be complete. It is destined to receive an even more original contribution than the woman voter can supply. The most exciting feature of the new constituencies will be the entrance of the Armies. They will constitute a decisive numerical force. But they will furnish a still more striking spiritual commentary on the political life of the nation. For they come from a nation in itself, possessing a special code of laws and morals. The national armies were summoned from the field, the shop, the school, the University, the factory, to see and know things far beyond the simple imagination of youth. What impression has it all made upon them? They are the nation's heroes, but they are also its grand puzzle. Two guiding strains of feeling are almost universally discovered in them. The first of these is a natural preoccupation with the place into which this re-constituted civil society will want to fit them. The second is their anxiety as to the general social form and structure. It is not at all surprising to hear that the Army is democratic, for that was the character of the one armed levy which the English people ever made for themselves. And the Armies in France and elsewhere, consisting mainly of manual workers, have breathed a new, invigorating air of democracy. They have come in contact with the soldiers of the Dominions, with men of independent carriage and outlook, high standards of living, and virtually Republican and Socialist opinions. They have seen their own poorer and narrower home lives in retrospect and in imagination, and contrasted them with the Australian or the Canadian scale of citizenship. And the image of a reconstructed society, of power not dispensed by the few, but residing in the general mass and force of the community, will be constantly present to the soldier's eyes. It arises from his commonest and most cheerful experience, the kinship induced by work and suffering together. The men of ideas, of education, with a schooling in trade unionism, or teaching, or co-operation, will be the natural leaders of this movement. For the

most part they believed, and may still believe, in the moral purpose of the war. But they know, too, that the State they left behind was, for them, a City of Destruction, whose secret and exclusive polity, never made by or for the people, had ensnared their youth. They will require a change. Conscious of great services rendered to their country, of the force of discipline, and of the immense power of action taken by bodies of men in common, they will regard themselves with justice as the most virile element in the State.

Now this New Britain will inevitably call for New Parties to represent it. Where are they to come from? New wine does not consort with old bottles, picked up, like the programme of the so-called National Party, from the very ancient bottling-ground of St. James's. The new electorate of adventurous, highly-trying men and women will never settle down on the blood-soaked ground of Protectionism, Nationalism, Imperialism, Militarism, Conscription. They will want to feel a kindlier earth at their feet, and a surer heaven above them. Their resort therefore will be to the one quarter from which a really fresh and hopeful development can come. The framework of a true National Party is more likely to emerge from the exploring work of the Sub-Committee of the Executive of the Labor Party than from any enterprise of General Page Croft and his friends. The hope of the society of the future lies in the capacity for organized, recuperative, benevolent service which it can develop. And for the moment no political body can hope to compete with the Labor Party in this power of evocation. It is in close touch with the two classes of "new" voters—the women and the soldiers. Its consent is indispensable to the working of a scheme of reconstruction. And it embodies in the main those moral hopes and ideas which are beginning to move the world. We are not in the secret of the movement of reorganization of which Mr. Henderson is the centre. But we can readily divine its spirit. The existing Labor Party entered politics with a necessarily restricted aim. In a Parliament of "groups," it sought to contribute one "group" more. For that purpose it endeavored to combine the solid man-power of trade unionism with the ideas, the intellectual force and critical activity, of Socialism. Up to a point it did well enough, and so long as it maintained a real individuality of character and purpose, it survived, and, in a measure, thrived. But "group" morality is a poor thing to live on. The Labor Party has been a sect, a thing of tests and details, and sects and tests and details do not stand the shock of great events. The war broke it, Mr. George did his best to disintegrate and demoralize it, and Mr. Henderson's prompt expulsion from the Cabinet as the result of the first assertion of a definite war-policy for labor showed that its more restricted life and ambitions had reached their end.

Its main source of weakness was evident. The Labor Party had never established a broad basis in the life and thought of the constituencies. As communities it hardly appealed to them. And it had left great spaces of politics almost unexplored. It had never studied foreign policy, never called on middle-class brains to supply its deficiencies of knowledge of this intricate subject, and therefore never sounded the depths that have engulfed us all. Now, as we understand, it will fling a net over the whole political and electoral surface, abolishing its exclusive industrial tests, accepting middle-class candidates and members whom it trusts on clear grounds of policy and character, aiming to capture the intellectuals, the men and women who are sick of mechanical and traditional attachments, who still have

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hope and faith, and long to become part of the great general movement for a better world.

That this encircling campaign will affect the party system we cannot doubt. The new Democratic Party will, we imagine, offer itself for power and responsibility in competition with the existing parties. It will be ready to man and conduct governments, or associate itself with bodies having a like ambition and policy. Some part of its action will necessarily be taken in association. Doubtless it will join forces with the Liberals in driving out the Georgian bureaucracy, restoring the power of Parliament, and associating it with the control of foreign policy. But its special ambition must be to lay down at least the framework of a new industrial order. Here its difficulties begin. Is capitalism to survive? Can it be modified? How reconcile the claims of the State and the consumer with the new movement for the self-government of industries? Here lies a whole world of controversy; but in this free national debate lies the one hope of a peaceful passage to a new order. If it finds the older parties unprepared, they will have themselves to thank. The world cannot stop for any man, any organization, that has nothing for its present need. The war of ideas is upon us, as searching, as desolating, as the material war. But while our enemies have many weapons, we have only one. That is democracy; and he who can inspire and organize that force will find a soldiery of millions in waiting for him.

### THE FLANDERS BATTLES AND THEIR IMPORT.

THE objective observer of the war may be pardoned a little bewilderment as he scans the different versions of the battles in Flanders. The Battle of Broodseinde last week was pronounced by some British writers a "catastrophic defeat" for the Germans; by others as "their greatest defeat since the Marne." Even the cautious official report betrayed a touch of elation. Yet the German *communiqué* brushed the victory aside with the remark that "the British only penetrated about one kilometre deep into our defensive zone." The criticism has a certain literal truth. We gained perhaps as much as nine square miles of ruined country, of ground sown with horrors such as the world has only known since the Germans have been thrown upon the defensive. What, one is tempted to ask, is such a gain compared with the entire German conquest of territory? Yet Sir Douglas Haig struck again on the fifth day after his success at Broodseinde. In twenty days he has made four of these great attacks, and we are bound to read into this action a certain contentment with results, and a confidence as to the future. The foundations of this attitude do not appear on the surface. We seem to be fighting a little under the microscope. The movements we see taking place to-day are the long-drawn-out and exaggerated counterparts of the momentary manoeuvres of decisive historic battles. They have their relevance, maybe a critical importance; but it requires careful examination to discern it.

The Battle of Broodseinde was indeed a brilliant British victory, but it deserves to be remembered more for its manner and adventitious accompaniments than for the extent or implications of its achievement. The modern German defensive seemed, when first encountered in full strength, a grave development. Theoretically, there is even now some excuse for the German Staff view of it as either impregnable or a sufficient deterrent to our advance through the limited period they estimate for the war. The defensive by fortified lines had broken down, and unless some convincing alternative could be devised the war for Germany was virtually over. The Staff determined not to hold any fixed line, or even a fixed area. Certain positions were, of course, regarded as critical; but for their defence the Germans were to rely on counter-attacks by fresh, picked troops on the British soldiers when they were worn with the nerve strain of struggling across an indefinite area, defended by "pill

boxes" and small, fortified trench holes. The aim of this method was rather to wear down our troops than to stop them, though the Germans had high hopes even of that success. The "pill box" ranges from a small man-shelter of thick Krupp steel to a round, smooth, concrete fort with deep embrasures. The former is a sniper's post; but the latter is simply a modern fort, and, in essence, is an exaggerated revival of the Brialmont scheme which failed to defend Liège and Namur. Both types of "pill box" are covered with mounds sown with grass, and the forts are covered at times even with bushes or trees to prevent them being singled out from the sky. In the days of the Somme, our airmen gained the material for the most perfect maps of the German defensive. The new system can hardly be discovered from the sky, and in theory it should have prevailed. To cross the enemy area the troops would require to break through the barrier of these forts, and any one would be covered by the cross-fire from its neighbors. But it was clear that there was a limit, beyond which the system would break down of its own weight. The forts were so strong that it was difficult to put them out of action, except by a direct hit from one of the heaviest guns, and being so inconspicuous this could hardly be achieved except by chance. But sow them thickly and the chance of a direct hit would be improved. If they were not sown so thickly they could be reduced in detail by rushing the spaces between them.

On September 20th, when the problem was first fairly met with success, the victory was won by a mingling of both factors. Some of the forts were knocked out, and appropriate tactics reduced others. It was found that the garrisons would frequently leave their shelters when they were virtually intact owing to the terrible pounding they received, and for another reason which should operate more strongly in the future. The rôle of this loose fortified area being merely to detain and shake the assaulting troops, the men were written off as a sacrifice. But as soon as this was realized they naturally preferred to barter death for the temporary loss of liberty when they had made some show of resistance. They were not supposed to have a real fighting chance, and they were bound, in the end, either to stream back or forward. A captured order of von Armin shows that on one occasion they went back two miles or so beyond the point assigned as the limit of our advance. On September 20th, 3,200 came into our lines; and in the Battle of Broodseinde nearly 5,000 were taken prisoners. These are not great numbers. In the four battles there have been only 12,000 prisoners. The whole idea of the system is to economize losses, and probably the greater part of the defenders of the loose advanced belt are killed in the terrible preliminary bombardment. The greater number of prisoners in the Battle of Broodseinde and the greater casualties caused by our troops were due to the fact that, either by chance or superior intelligence, Sir Douglas Haig anticipated a counter-attack by five divisions, and the British barrage consequently fell on the troops who had been assembled for the German assault.

Such chances are rarely met with, and our estimate of the meaning of the recent successes must be built upon more reliable factors. The Battle of Broodseinde was the third of the series which have dealt with success with the new defensive. The highest point in the ridge east of Ypres was secured in the first of these attacks, the Battle of Menin Road, and each subsequent assault has been built upon the achieved advantages of the earlier battles. In this way the Battle of Broodseinde owed much to the earlier attacks. In actual achievement the battle gave us the cross-roads which supplied Passchendaele and Becelaere, and each of these villages must be suffering from slight and roundabout communications. But it did still more: it gave us a position from which the distant roofs of Bruges could be seen. Not a single concentration of troops can take place up to Bruges and Ghent, unless behind a handful of little knolls, that is not to be observed from Broodseinde. But its value for local observation is even greater. Pill boxes in the immediate area can be spied out and dealt with by means of this position and the other positions on the ridge. There is a part of this ridge yet to be taken.

The battle on Wednesday was directed towards the Houthulst Forest, which provides some facilities for secret concentration. The capture of the last part of the ridge will be connected with the accentuation of the salient in which the forest lies until it is unendurable.

But these still seem to be immediate local and tactical considerations. It is true that they are; and it is necessary to bear this in mind at the same time that we remember that the Battle of the Somme, which compelled the great Somme retreat, was similarly built up of comparatively small local tactical gains. The components of all victories are of this character. Foch's victory of Fère Champenoise consisted of a local withdrawal of his right and a small thrust of his left; but it turned the fortunes of the Marne. The battles in Flanders are the details of that cumulative offensive that will place the British and French Armies in a position to compel the evacuation of the Lille area and of the coast. At the moment, we have merely gained such a position that the Germans, failing some wholly new factor, must face a bad alternative. They can hold their positions if they choose, but they must hold them at a high price in casualties; or they can evacuate their present lines. If they evacuate the positions they must abandon the coast, but probably they could do so in perfect safety. If they choose the former alternative they cannot finally avoid retreat, and they may have to do so at great peril. All political and some internal (and at the same time military) reasons induce them to hold on, and gamble on the future. But if they went back, they might still prolong the war. We cannot know how they will decide, and we cannot force them to retreat until we have the whole of the Passchendaele Ridge and its outliers on the east of the Forest of Houthulst. At present we have convincing testimony to the cost of the German defensive in the presence of troops from the Russian front; and if Sir Douglas Haig can keep up these swiftly-repeated blows a few weeks longer, we may even begin to have a definite leverage on the German front.

#### A GATHERING OF NEW AUSTRIA.

If Germany wishes to demonstrate beyond all doubt her good faith in accepting the principles of disarmament and arbitration—so Bernhard Dernburg recently wrote in the "Berliner Tageblatt"—the first thing she must do is to remove all restrictions upon the free communications of the handful of distinguished men who, in spite of abuse and oppression, have long advocated these causes. And as perhaps the most distinguished of these, Dernburg pointed to Professor Förster, of Munich. Förster of Munich, who, during the first two years of the war, was—to his lasting honor—one of the best abused men in Germany, may well be Germany's most respected citizen before it ends.

But what is of immediate moment is to know that the man whom Germany has reviled, Austria (and credible rumor has it, the very highest circles in Austria) has delighted to honor. On July 18th last—that is, at a moment which almost exactly coincided with the passing of the Reichstag peace resolution—a special meeting took place in Vienna under the auspices of the "Austrian Political Society," at which Professor Förster spoke on the preliminary work of peace. It was a remarkable meeting, both for the substance of the speeches made there, and the position and prestige of those who were present at the debate. The "Austrian Political Society" is a new foundation, opened as a debating and social club for members of all political parties. Or rather it was, for the meeting at which Professor Förster spoke was decisive in its history. It passed the following resolution:—

"The meeting demands that the Austro-Hungarian Government, which was the first to adopt the formula of a peace by understanding, should persevere on this road. For only a peace which leaves none of the belligerent parties with the feeling of defeat and humiliation bears within itself the security for its own permanence, and supplies the foundation upon which

the organization of the world as a community of civilization is built up and upon which alone the economic restoration of the States will be possible. Yet Austria does not only demand the end of this terrible war, it desires national peace at home. Only an Austria which has achieved national order will be in a position at the peace negotiations effectively to defend its interests and to represent with weight its task of civilization. Therefore, the meeting charges those who have called it together to create an organization without delay for the purpose of winning public opinion for the demand for the renovation of Austria on the basis of true democracy and the equal rights of nations."

So the political club became an active political organization. One may, with reason, surmise that the new fashion was set from above.

Before we give some account of Professor Förster's speech, it is well to consider who were the persons who summoned the meeting. They were the Duke of Beaufort-Spontin, Dr. Lammasch, Count Silva-Tarouca, members of the Austrian "House of Lords"; Dr. Redlich, Julius Meinel (the Vienna "Coffee King," and chairman of the meeting), Bösbauer (the editor of the "Neue Zeitung," the progressive Catholic organ which the Duke of Beaufort-Spontin owns), Professor Strache and Professor Förster himself. One may particularly note that Count Silva-Tarouca is not merely one of the most distinguished members of the present von Seidler Cabinet in Austria, but is, according to universal report, already marked out for the Premiership. Those who were present at the meeting included Prince Carlos Auersperg, Count Mensdorff (the late Ambassador in London), Baernreither (one of the German Ministers in the Clam-Martinitz Cabinet), Friedmann, Neumann, Denk, Straucher, Krek (Slovene), Smeral (Czech), Romanczuk, members of the Reichsrat. This was no conventicle. It included some of the most honored names and most able men in Austria.

Before this audience Professor Förster spoke. He began by telling what he had learned in neutral countries of the prevailing opinion as to "new Austria." In England a portion of the Press advocated a waiting attitude towards her till the conditions cleared; in France there was sympathy for her, which would surely increase now that respect was to be paid to the right of nations to decide their own destinies. He then attacked the spirit of national egotism, which he found represented above all in Germany. Treitschke had been guilty of the fundamental error of thinking that foreign policy could be separated from domestic. It was the tragedy of Germany that it had been obsessed by "the romance of power, which proscribes reality." But the true "Realpolitik" was one that took count of the community of nations, and recognized the rights of peoples.

"He who desired the world-power of one—like Naumann—has no right to oppose the world-power of another. The policy of peace was based on the necessity of completing one another. The German needed the Slav; the Slav the German. Austria was destined by world-history to be the land in which these questions might be solved, and to devote one's self to propaganda for this solution was all-important."

The same thought, that Austria, by reason of the warring nationalities within her, is a microcosm of the now divided world; that Austria has therefore been given by destiny the occasion of showing the world the way of peace—a thought half mystical and religious, half practical and political, which, we have every reason to believe, has guided the striking decisions of the young Emperor since his accession, received a clear expression from Professor Lammasch, who wrote to the Chairman of the meeting the following letter:—

"All the forces of all nations must be concentrated on this, that a peace acceptable to all may be obtained with all speed. What can we Austrians do towards this? We are convinced that we can contribute the greatest share of all. Austria is a world in little. From the rivalry of nations, from which Europe now suffers so unspeakably, we have suffered for decades. It is our first task to turn this struggle into the paths of peaceful competition and higher development. We must recognize that we have all erred; we must spread the veil of



forgetfulness over our mutual errors. Thereby we create a pattern for Europe; thereby we smooth a road for the peace of the world; thereby we secure the world moral guarantees against the return of a like catastrophe. Competent diplomacy cannot create a permanent peace on the basis of right. It must have its roots in the hearts of the peoples."

Sincerer words than these have not been spoken during the war. The "Times" and its fellow Never-Endians will assure us that it is only a peace-plot, just as a few weeks ago it pilloried Professor Förster, whom all the competent world knows for a man whose bravery and honesty alike are above suspicion, as the tool of the German Government, because he attacked Naumann's exclusive Mittel-Europa as an obstacle to peace. "Free Trade England," he said, "is still living, the England of Liberal thought and Liberal action, and those Liberals in Germany who honestly desire peace must address themselves to Liberal England." This was peace-plotting for the "Times," not only because the very idea of peace is criminal in its eyes; but because it is, as it always has been, the prime enemy of Liberalism all the world over.

But there is also the more honorable and sincere "New Europe." Its information, in many ways, is so admirable that it could not but have known of these meetings of the "Austrian Political Society." Why was it silent about it? Because it will not admit that there is a new spirit in Austria. To admit this would be to destroy its own *raison d'être*, just as it would be fatal to tell its readers the plain truth that the extreme Czech claim to "State rights" is a direct defiance of the principle of nationalities which it invokes on their behalf. Therefore, it is obstinately silent on the new course in Austria. "The convocation of the Reichsrat without restrictions upon its action, Count Czernin's peace formula, the open enunciation of the Slav demands, the overthrow of the Clam-Martinitz Cabinet, the Czech amnesty, the offer of the Government to the Slav parties to form a Coalition Cabinet to determine the reconstruction of Austria"—we take the catalogue of crimes of the New Austria from a German paper—all these things are ignored deliberately by the men whose real motto is that Austria must be destroyed, *pereat mundus*. Professor Förster described the Czech amnesty in the "Neue Freie Presse" as "the first noble word that has been spoken in Europe since August 1st, 1914"; to our Never-Endians it is a political manoeuvre to throw dust in the eyes of the Entente. Would they venture to say the same of the Irish parallel?

Let us go back for a moment to the "Austrian Political Society," which has now taken on this definite political direction. It was founded during the war, in the main as a meeting place for those who found the repression of the Stürgkh régime intolerable. Its first President was Baron Wieser, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Vienna, who lived for long in Prague, and there stood in intimate relation with the leaders of both sides in Bohemian politics. Baron Wieser, now Minister of Commerce, is one of the two members of the von Seidler Cabinet who do not come from the bureaucracy. The other is the Minister for Agriculture, Count Silva-Tarouca, to whom we have already referred, one of the conveners of the meeting. Count Silva-Tarouca was, during the Stürgkh régime, the leader of the Fronde in the Austrian "House of Lords"; he headed the agitation for the convocation of the Reichsrat, and he, more than any individual man, was responsible for the overthrow of the hateful Stürgkh-Tisza combination. He was currently named as a likely choice for the Emperor Carl's first Prime Minister. We are thus faced with the striking fact that the two most important (because non-bureaucratic) appointments to the von Seidler Cabinet are those of two men intimately connected with the "Austrian Political Society."

That gives a just idea of the importance of the new organization. The ideals of the men composing it have been expounded in the words of Förster and Lammasch; in themselves they are ideals which command the adherence of every lover of liberty and peace. After Förster's speech, before the resolution was passed (with

only four dissentients) a debate took place, in which Professor Redlich condemned the attacks made upon the Czech amnesty by the German politicians, the Slovene leader, Dr. Krek, welcomed the policy of Count Czernin, and praised the amnesty as helping the cause of peace; and, finally, the leader of the Czech Socialists, Dr. Smeral, declared that he was a Czech who believed in Austria, and warmly pleaded for an understanding between the nationalities. Thus some of the most enlightened elements of the nationalities, on whose behalf the denouncers of peace-plots profess to act, acknowledged their belief in the possibility of a new Austria. Of course, it will be said that Smeral, because he is an honest democrat, is a traitor to the Czech cause. But has it never struck the champions of "integral victory" that the fact that democratic Czechs should be lukewarm in the pursuit of Bohemian State-rights is one which should give them pause? They should at least remember that once before English sympathy was enlisted on behalf of a nation struggling for "State-rights" against the Emperor of Austria. Being ignorant and generous, England gave it largely, and helped it to victory. That nation was the Magyar nation, and it turned victory into a bloody tyranny. There was a young Emperor then, eager to do good. England earned his undying resentment, and helped to create the system which has blocked the way of progress in Austria for half a century. Is a like ignorance again to be exploited to a like end? Shall not rather Liberal England join with Liberal Austria, with the Austria of the "Political Society," in helping to re-create the world according to the programme of President Wilson?

#### WANTED, A COUNCIL OF SUPPLIES.

THE public has everywhere accepted the shortage of supplies of foods and raw materials, high freights and other difficulties of transport, and the accompanying governmental restrictions and controls as inevitable incidents of war. They do not yet realize that, when the war is over, these governmental restraints and interferences cannot at once disappear. Yet nothing can be more certain than that any rapid return to ordinary pre-war commerce would bring starvation and anarchy to whole nations. For the first ruling fact of the situation, when peace comes, will be the discovery that, in spite of all war-economies in civil consumption, the world-supplies of cereals, meat, and other foodstuffs, of cotton, wool, leather, copper, oils, timber, and other materials have been reduced to a dangerously low level, and that the stocks of manufactured and semi-manufactured goods of every kind, including every sort of plant and machinery, have shrunk almost to depletion. Next comes the shortage of mercantile shipping, due partly to the war-sinking, partly to the needed retention of a large part of the available shipping for purposes of military transport. Uncertainty of labor supply and of prospective markets, together with the disorganization of exchange, will everywhere help to make "money" dear and to restrict the ordinary facilities of private credit.

If the usual competition of business enterprises were suddenly let loose on such a world, chaos would ensue. Business syndicates in the great producing areas would hold the world to ransom, populations dependent on overseas supplies for necessities of life and industry would stand idle and starving, shipping companies would put all their transports at the service of their richest and most reliable customers, and nations whose monetary degradation disabled them from making foreign payments would have to live upon their own intestines. If the war were to end now, this would be a substantially correct account of the situation. But, of course, the longer it goes on, the worse it will be.

There is reason to believe that the economic advisers of every government are by this time apprized of this coming situation, and are pressing for a policy of preparation. This policy, as Mr. Sidney Webb shows in a weighty article in the current "Con-

temporary Review," must, if it is to be effective, take shape in a close co-operative action of the governments of the various countries, not the belligerents alone, but all countries that come within the orbit of disturbance. Nothing short of a carefully contrived and equitable system of distribution of foods, materials, and transport, among the different countries according to an agreed computation of their respective needs, would meet the demands of the situation. This could only be compassed by an agreement of the governments, based upon an international arrangement, to act as the buyers of the portion of the world supplies of foods and material, apportioned to their respective nations. The same international method must be applied, of course, to shipping, while some system of international financial guarantees may have to be devised for supporting the foreign purchases of those European Governments whose own credit was not available.

A possible nucleus of this international organism already exists in the arrangement of the Allies for the financing, purchasing, and carrying of many of their supplies, both for war purposes and civil requirements. If, however, it were to be developed into the instrument for dealing with after-war conditions, it must, of course, not merely shed all the preferences and prohibitions necessitated by war emergencies, but must make such a structural expansion as to admit into its controlling body all the interested States. Seeing that, if the war continues and the blockade policy of the Allies is more rigorously enforced, this instrument naturally may gather round it growing feelings of intense resentment, not only in the Central Powers but in the neutrals, it might be better to establish as a feature of the peace settlement an entirely new Council of International Supplies. But in any case the necessity for undertaking this international task, as the essential safeguard of economic existence and of social order in every country, is of permanent importance. Every added month of war, however, while it makes the after-war necessity more urgent, also makes the successful performance of the task more difficult. For the world shortage will be greater and the difficulty of an agreed policy of distribution, increased by the fact, must be further aggravated by the growing exacerbation of war feelings as the process of economic war attrition advances.

The aim, therefore, of those who realize what is at stake after the peace settlement is made must be to establish quite clearly the basis of economic equality in the post-war arrangements of the world. They can then compel the Central Powers to quit their idea of a separate Mittel-Europa, the futility of which indeed they must already recognize, and to realize that their only salvation lies in entering into an international polity. So far as any sort of reasonable calculation rules in Germany, their governors must know that an after-war existence upon terms which do not secure full access to world supplies of foods and materials is intolerable, and that this state of semi-famine must remain an unceasing stimulus to revolution. But up to the present they have been able to meet all the pacific pressure of their people by asserting the fixed determination of the European Allies to deny them economic equality of opportunity after the war. This menace, formally brandished by the Paris Conference, and driven home by our Protectionists and Empire-developers, is rendered still more formidable by the new exposure of the post-war shortage of supplies. The bitter-enders in Germany are still in a position to tell those who "whine for peace" that they might just as well put on a bold face and go on fighting, even with a sporting chance of success, because they have nothing ahead of them but commercial ruin.

Why need the European Allies present them with this argument? Apart from all other considerations, the policy of an economic war is not merely inconsistent with, but fatal to, the policy of a League of Nations. For the economic emergency will not be of brief duration. Though the first half-year after military operations cease will naturally bear the heaviest burden of economic peril, it must be several years at least before ordinary conditions of economic safety can be established, and

international Governmental control dispensed with. Even if after that period was over, public control disappeared or was reduced to small dimensions, these years must have laid the foundations for the more lasting structure of international trade. If, therefore, we recognize that political and economic security and progress in the future depend on the early admission of all nations, Allies, enemies and neutrals, into a World League whose material basis is equality of access to necessary world supplies, why do we not make a firm and clear Allied declaration of this policy? A campaign for the statement of War Aims is being conducted in this country. Why do we parade those aims which, however necessary or justifiable, breathe continued hostility and provoke continued resistance, while we abstain from every word which might fortify peace sentiment and peace pressure in Germany? America, which must have a more and more determinant voice in terms of peace the longer the war goes on, has in the reply to the Pope declared for economic equality in the most explicit and emphatic way. But neither Mr. Asquith in his otherwise admirable speech, nor any member of our War Cabinet, has said anything to bring our war-aims into line with the American statement or with the urgencies of the post-war situation. How long will our oracles stay dumb?

#### THE BAN ON "THE NATION."

IN July last the Editor of THE NATION addressed the following letter to Sir Reginald Brade, the Secretary of the War Council:—

"The Editor of THE NATION presents his compliments to Sir R. W. Brade, and begs to draw his attention to his letter of April 27th, with reference to the ban on the overseas issue of THE NATION. In that letter the following statement is made:—

"I am to add that the Council is prepared in the case of any periodical, the export of which has been prohibited, to rescind the order, if and when its columns are found to be free from statements calculated, by their effect upon opinion in enemy countries, to prolong the war."

"The Editor of THE NATION would be glad to know what statements appearing in THE NATION are calculated, by their effect on enemy opinion, to prolong the war, and to justify the continued refusal of the War Council to permit the circulation of THE NATION among American citizens, British soldiers and residents abroad, residents in our Dominions and Colonies, our Russian and French Allies, and neutral countries."

To this letter no reply has been received. Those who know Sir Reginald Brade will not suspect him of a designed discourtesy, and, therefore, it may be assumed that, while for reasons unknown to us, the ban upon the foreign circulation of THE NATION continues, the War Council are unable, or unwilling, to produce the evidence on which they rely. Yet it would seem as if some such steps were necessary, in view of the fact that the supporting statements of fact made by the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Macpherson in the House of Commons—such as the supposed discovery of articles by a director of THE NATION in German trenches, Mr. Ponsonby's supposed connection with this journal, and General Haig's supposed letter demanding the suppression of its foreign circulation—were utterly devoid of truth. We imagined, therefore, that the War Council might desire either to cancel an act founded on false information or to substitute some new line of statement and argument for that which they put into the Prime Minister's mouth.

Indirectly, this course appears to have been taken, for we observe in the issue of the "New York Tribune" of May 18th an article on "War Censorship in England," by Mr. A. S. Draper. This article contains what its well known and highly reputable writer describes as the views of the Censorship, and internal evidence shows that it is in fact an authorized interview with the Chief Military Censor. This summary of the defenders' case is printed in inverted commas. It contains at least one falsehood, such as the suggestion that THE NATION published a "series of articles belittling the achievement of British armies, belauding the enemy's



commanders, and encouraging the enemy to prolong a hopeless struggle." But it also supplies the key to our offence in the first and governing sentence, which runs as follows:—"Since December last THE NATION has preached peace by negotiation."

Now we think we have the right to know whether preaching "peace by negotiation" constitutes an offence against the Defence of the Realm Act. We are the more concerned to know, inasmuch as Mr. Barnes, a member of the War Council, has explicitly declared that the peace must be one of negotiation, and Mr. Lloyd George implicitly described such a process in his speech at Glasgow. When, therefore, the matter again comes before Parliament, we suggest that the Government should be asked whether the ban upon THE NATION is maintained because it forbids the weekly organ of Liberalism to present in America (for example) a view of the war virtually identical with that of President Wilson, while allowing us to pursue it in this country.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

To the casual eye the shadow of the war on the world's life falls more darkly than ever. A week or so ago we seemed to be heading away from the cloud-centre. The Austrian pressure on Germany was obvious; its response in the reply to the Pope's Note was equally clear; the growing bifurcation in German politics seemed almost to favor the Parliamentary majority. The advance of German Liberalism appeared even through the barrage at once set up by the "Times." If England had had a policy, and Mr. George had possessed the will, or the instinct, or the power, or the knowledge to expound it, the long, long process of amelioration might have been begun. But, as usual, he let the Northcliffe Press think for him. In both camps, the extremists took the field. The Pan-German retort to the peace movement matured, and German Liberals could point to nothing in the camp of the Entente which promised better terms for a democratic Germany than for an autocratic one. So the Junkers climbed back to the saddle. What an entrancing spectacle for our Never-Endians! They have all they want—"peace plotters" silenced, or daubed over with Bolo paint, and the world comfortably settled down for another twelvemonth of delicious war.

So far as the finessing of the game goes, von Kühlmann has scored a small point at the cost of a greater one. It was, I think, unfortunate that Mr. Asquith, having asked Germany to say plainly whether or no she would give up Belgium, enlarged his inquiry before he got his answer, and called on Germany to say in the same breath whether she would also surrender Alsace-Lorraine. The reply might have been expected. Von Kühlmann said "No" to the demand for Alsace-Lorraine, and an implied "Yes" to that for Belgium. But surely the two questions stand on a somewhat different footing. We did go to war to rescue Belgium, and said so; we did not go to war, or at least we did not say so, to cancel the Treaty of Frankfurt. One thing at a time. If we can clear the Belgian question off the books, we enter on the more complicated account of Alsace-Lorraine. And there, again, the general spirit of the settlement comes into play. Is it Germany's interest to have an unsatisfied France at her elbow? Is it France's interest to have Alsace-Lorraine thrust back on her, with an Ulster problem, and a million German bayonets at its back? If there is a true Peace of Reconciliation, Alsace-Lorraine is a classical ground for compromise and arrangement. If not, either of the two radical solutions of the question leaves Europe equally a prey to the spirit of the *revanche*.

AGAIN we are invited to look to America for a sign of amelioration. The report in the "Volta Agency" of an American statement of peace terms to Germany has attracted little notice here. But it is worth examining as an example of the American tendency to combine

ideal aims with an appeal to self-interest. Its effect is to offer Germany an exchange. "Renounce your war of aggression; evacuate and surrender your sphere of occupation, East and West; satisfy the more urgent of the national claims that disturb your rest and ours. Receive in turn the guarantee of your career as a great industrial nation, and the wherewithal to resume it. Refuse, and we shall see to it that civilization is organized without and against you." This sounds crude, but there is an honest bluntness about it which is American, and it touches the spot where mercantile Germany feels sorest. The difficulty is to believe that the Allies have advanced their policy to the point of putting their case in form, or of entrusting it to American advocacy. There is the real terror of the war—it is so intangible. Diplomatic Europe is an old-fashioned and a sensitive thing. Its directing statesmanship will not, or cannot, pull itself together, fix its peace principles, focus them, and put them as a "business proposition" such as the Americans will one day present to the world. But why not? Once banish the false lure of the knock-out theory, and there is not a great deal between the combatants, even if we admit the grave difficulty over Alsace-Lorraine. That, again, will never be surmounted unless the entire settlement is treated as a block, and statesmen make up their minds for themselves, instead of having them made and unmade every morning and evening by a Press with the brains and morals of a perverted child.

WHEN Parliament meets, there is likely to be some very straight talk to Mr. George over the manner of his announcement of the increases in Army and Navy pay. Since when was a British Prime Minister empowered to treat fifty or sixty millions of public money as a matter of personal largesse? The money is the nation's, and the only fit instrument for dispensing it is Parliament, which, of course, sets no scant measure to its dealings with our armed forces. Where is his warrant for slighting, and even superseding the first authority in the Constitution in the function which indubitably belongs to it? Had such a thing been done in France, there would have been an instant cry of dictatorship. What then has happened in England to supersede the power over the purse that belongs to the House of Commons, and to no mere Minister, high or low?

My Irish news is little more cheerful in so far as it suggests that the profound disturbance of the Ashe tragedy will not prevent the country from considering the Convention's report. Of course, we are in the region of prophecy. But I am asked to believe that if the Convention is allowed fair-play from the ascendancy party, and its scheme of Government turns out to be generously conceived, the country will consider it fairly. It will not hold the Convention responsible for the Castle, and will give it credit for the work it does honestly. But it will test its report by the Dominion constitutions, and will not be satisfied with less liberty than they concede. The real danger is not from the country, but from the ascendancy party and its representatives within the Convention. They indeed might create a state of things which would cause the honest members to throw up their work in disgust and despair. That is the danger to be combated, and the "English Review" this month indicates its sources. Much also depends on Ulster. Ulster's terms are said to include a separate executive for Ulster, with a veto over any change in the direction of a tariff. The second point need not be troublesome, for Ulster's interests are also Ireland's interests. The first may be merely a preliminary demand. Perhaps it could reappear in more practical form in the nature of a Committee of Ulster members to which bills on disputatious subjects might be referred so far as they affect Ulster.

I HAVE been charmed, but not excessively intrigued, by Mr. Gatty's reminiscences of George Wyndham's personality and life. He was, as he is described there, a shining figure. Who could not shine in England with high birth, good looks, wit, a grand air, a generous temper, the love of friends, a style in writing, and

some scholarship? Cust, on a slighter scale of achievement, was such another man, and had another such success—and failure. What one felt of both of them was the amount of waste that went with all their acquirements. These sumptuously bound volumes were somewhat scant of matter. They lived enjoyably, and very gracefully, but really in a kind of obscurity, remote from ideas. The interests, thoughts, amusements of their class were everything to them, and were a vain show after all. Is that uncharitable? Perhaps it is. And yet I think it is the truth.

THE story of Mr. George Russell's political association with a former Duke of Bedford has not, as he points out in the "Times," been correctly told in the Dilke Memoirs. Briefly, it was as follows. The Duke was a strong Gladstonian on the Eastern question. His young relative, Mr. Russell, fresh from the University, had pronounced views of the same kind, and a desire to express them in Parliament. The Duke offered to pay the then very heavy expenses of a county election. Later on, Mr. Russell developed his Radicalism and the Duke his Whiggery, and the association came naturally to an end. There was never a suggestion of the Duke withdrawing any financial help, because his relative had become a wicked young Radical, for he never offered it or was asked for it.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.

THREE years ago it seemed to many that the edifice of International Socialism collapsed like a house of cards. It might be true that, in all the countries concerned, a small section, amid obloquy and persecution, still held aloft their ancient banner, and that the noble faith of these men in human solidarity stood to the credit of European idealism, and served for the inspiration of the future. But, none the less, in the eyes of many the only immediate outcome was failure.

Events to-day move fast. Already that International Socialism which a few years ago seemed to so many completely discredited, is attracting all eyes as a possible savior from the confusion of the present, and a guide towards the reconstruction for which the whole world is longing. It is now possible to survey more philosophically the shock which International Socialism received on the outbreak of war, to understand its causes, and to realize that we were in presence, not of a collapse of Socialism, but of a readjustment of our whole politico-social ideal.

We were not-witnessing, it is now possible to see, any condemnation of Socialism. The inability of a social theory to withstand the impact of a world-war no more argues the inferiority of the theory than the inability of a man to withstand the impact of a bullet argues inferiority. Moreover, it may well be maintained that International Social Democracy had not yet reached the degree of cohesion and organization which really gave it the power to exert the veto it imagined it held. It is quite likely that even the delay of a very few years in the outbreak of the war would have made a vast difference in maturing the organized and conscious network of forces which was certainly in course of formation. But in such a matter as this it must be All or Nothing. An International Socialism which is unable to stop a war completely would only effect mischief by attempting to effect less.

We may go further. We may recognize the justification of those Pacifists and Anti-Militarists who not only allowed their propaganda to lapse, but even actively directed their energies in an apparently opposite direction. It is sometimes said by unthinking people that the war has destroyed Pacifism, and even made it ridiculous. That is the reverse of the truth. The war has been the triumphant affirmation, on a scale they themselves could scarcely have anticipated, of all that the Pacifists have ever asserted. The people upon whom the war has cast ridicule are not

the Pacifists but precisely their present opponents, the people who drift with the stream, nonchalantly careless in peace time, as though there could never be war any more, and hysterically raging in war time, as though there could never be peace any more. The Pacifists alone realized there could be no soundly established peace in the world except on a firmly organized basis. How clearly they realized the unstable condition of Europe and the imminence of the Great War that has actually occurred we may see from Bertha von Suttner's "comments to contemporary history," written during the twenty-two years before her death, a few days ere the war she foresaw actually broke out, and now published in Switzerland under the title of "Der Kampf um die Vermeidung des Weltkrieges," by Dr. Alfred Fried, editor of "Die Friedens-Warte," the ablest of Pacifist journals. There is no failure here to realize the European situation. Thus, in 1893, we find her commenting: "Bismarck has advised the King of Bulgaria not to become the match to kindle a European War. Yes! Thatch the European house with straw, store gunpowder in all its rooms, soak the walls with petroleum, but advise matches not to let themselves be struck. Then we shall be quite assured against fire!" It is in peace time alone that Pacifism can work effectively; it is in peace time alone that Anti-Militarism can produce its finest martyrs. For the Pacifist is concerned with the sound building of the European house, and when the match has at length been struck, and the inflammable house is in flames, his Pacifism becomes meaningless and his Anti-Militarism ambiguous. For the attitude of the Pacifist and the Anti-Militarist who continued out of old habit to repeat their customary formulas after war began can scarcely be considered effective. We feel that they are like men who, in the midst of an earthquake, instead of lending all their energies to fight the earthquake, to dig out and succor their wounded and suffering fellows, stand aside to proclaim how desirable it would be to live in earthquake-proof houses. It is quite true. But we cannot help feeling resentfully that their choice of that particular moment to discuss architecture said little for their sense of the fitness of things, and not much for their humanity.

Thus it came about that Socialism, as an ideal, for a time became discredited, because, owing to circumstances which were yet entirely explicable, it had failed to impart adequate inspiration, and produced a fundamental divergence of opinion amongst its most devoted adherents. Moreover, it must be remembered that Socialism is not only a great and remote abstract ideal in which it is possible to believe that the salvation of humanity may be found. It is also a very concrete, systematic, and detailed process, the weaving of a vast web of endless regulations, the construction of a huge bureaucracy to supervise these regulations, together with the glorification of the idea of a supreme State representing a power which no autocratic despot could ever hope to wield. Now, it so happens that the same moment which saw the eclipse of Socialism as an abstract ideal, also saw the incorporation of a sort of Socialism as a concrete fact, involving a bureaucratic system of the most minute regulation and the most unlimited scope in the name of an all-powerful State. Under the sway of that State, every man has become either a bureaucrat or the victim of bureaucracy. If we desired to discredit a theory, we could scarcely do so more effectively than by undermining its prestige as an abstract ideal, and at the same time installing it forcibly as a bald practical fact in every home.

Then another circumstance conspired, however unjustly, to accentuate the temporary depreciation of the Socialist ideal, at all events in England and among her Allies, and that is the fact that the great protagonists of the Socialist ideal have always been Germans. "We Germans," said Professor Ostwald, "have discovered the factor of organization. Other peoples still live under the rule of individualism, but we under that of organization." It is true that, as Professor Van Gennep has well shown in his book, "Le Génie de l'Organisation," this declaration is misleading. Organization existed long before there were any Germans, and even the



famous industrial organization of Germany really originated in England, reaching Germany through France and Alsace; it would be more correct to say that the genius of France and England is based on personal initiative, and that of Germany on mechanical subordination. That subordination has its advantages, and the German critic of England is entitled to point to the picture presented by the Dardanelles Commissioners of a group of distinguished Englishmen, each of them honorably exercising his personal initiative, with a total collective outcome of disastrous confusion. It remains true that the English, who have exhibited their personal initiative as pioneers in so many fields, have not been pioneers in the modern Socialistic impulse of collective organization, although they furnished Socialism with its name. Only one such figure stands out prominently, Robert Owen, who was Welsh, while his Socialism was of a limited and practical kind. The great apostles of Socialism were Germans, and they based themselves on a thoroughly German and quite un-English faith in the iron rule of System and the ruthless domination of the Idea. One speaks of it nowadays as "thoroughly German," but it has not marked the greatest Germans. Goethe was wont to cast gentle irony on the Germans who thought that everything must be built up systematically round an idea. "The more incommensurable, the less comprehensible by intelligence, the better!" he exclaimed to Eckermann. But Karl Marx was not a man of the type of Goethe, but rather of that of Hegel, who in the end has proved so much more influential in the Germanic world; he set out from Hegel and throughout maintained the Hegelian form, although he changed the Hegelian substance. Those of us who were young thirty-five years ago and yielded to the fascination of the new Gospel from Germany, obediently owned a copy of "Das Kapital," and sought, however perfunctorily, to immerse ourselves in its austere and repellent pages, much as a later generation sought to plunge into the icy, though more beautiful, waters of Bergson. The pioneers of this foreign gospel, with all their energy and enthusiasm, had a hard task at first. Even among the intelligent middle classes, no general success was attained until the sagacious leaders of the Fabian Society drew together and diluted and doctored this strong wine of Prussia to the English taste; indeed, Socialism in England has always remained more humanitarian and practical than systematic and intransigent. Its success in most minds was less due to a devout faith in its creed than to what was felt to be the bankruptcy of its opposing Individualism.

There we are brought to the fact that faces us to-day. For the Great War has rehabilitated Individualism. To the Socialist of the previous generation, standing at the point of view of Labor, even of Democracy generally, Individualism had come to seem merely the last entrenchment of Capitalism in a tenacious effort to preserve an unlimited right to exploitation. It was a hideous vestige of a social order, or rather disorder, that was rapidly receding into the past. Men forgot that Individualism, and the ideal of liberty inevitably associated with it, had once been regarded as the special appanage of England and the secret of England's place in the world. Now that has all been changed. The claims of the individual and his freedom have once more become insistent. What had seemed to be the brand of selfish reactionaries has been brought home to all of us as the pass-word of progress. Freedom again grows glorious, and the ideals of Individualism become, for the first time among us, truly Democratic.

This new orientation of ideals which the Great War has brought about, affects, it must be added, not only our personal aspirations, but also our community aspirations. With the prompt and generous response of the British Oversea Dominions at the beginning of the war there was much said, and legitimately said, about "unity of the Empire." We hear less about it now. Not that the unity has ceased to exist, but that the many realize now, what the few have long known, that the unity of our so-called Empire—for it is not a type of Empire that has ever existed before—is a unity in diversity. The close individual and collective contact

which has come about of people, all calling themselves British, from opposite sides of the world, has revealed wide differences that were not before generally suspected, differences due not merely or chiefly to slight racial varieties of admixture, but to totally unlike environments, divergent traditions, differing political evolutions, other social and personal habits. We realize that we are in the presence of great national groups which have developed along varying lines, and which, though they may have much to learn from one another, can no longer be assimilated, since each imperatively demands its own liberty of individual national expansion, and a primary loyalty of its members to the standard of its own group. It may be doubted whether those who were responsible for demanding a "Council of the Empire" quite realized the implication of their demand. But it is clear that an Empire which is a real unity need only be, and must be, guided by its centre. To call into consultation its component parts is to admit that those parts have independent lives of their own, with independent needs and independent claims, to be conciliated, compensated, or accepted. So it is that we not only experience a new and intimate impulse to cherish the ideals of free Individualism, but we also realize the presence of a new birth of individual and libertarian Nationalism—likely to be extended even so near home as Ireland—within the seeming unity which calls itself British.

It is not to be supposed, let us never forget, that there is any real antagonism between Socialism and Individualism. There is only a seeming antagonism, due to the limited intelligence of the human mind and the consequent necessity for a division of labor by which one group of persons swings the pendulum one way while the other group swings it back. To the uninitiated onlooker, it might well seem a futile proceeding. Yet it is the whole rhythm of life. An Individualist tribe of Arabs, or a Socialist State of Jesuits in Paraguay, may present a brilliant and happy appearance. But they remain quite without force of vital progression or permanence, and exert no influence on the world at large. The social heart cannot be always expanding or always contracting, any more than the physiological heart can be in a state of perpetual diastole or perpetual systole. The heart remains a pendulum just as our political ideals remain a pendulum. What we seem to witness to-day is a renewed pulse of the pendulum in a direction which at the moment is supremely desirable; and it so happens that for movement in that particular direction Englishmen have always been counted by tradition and temperament as the natural leaders.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

#### THE BOLO MAN.

"Hush! Hush! Hush! Here comes the Bolo man!" It is an irresistible song. The charm of that melody has kept it alive for twenty years. United violins give out the theme. The stage is veiled in darkness visible. With velvet footstep the singer steals upon the scene. At each word "Hush!" he advances a cautious stride. For a moment it is uncertain whether he himself is not the Bogey he appears to seek. But no! he comes with warning to the innocent heart of childhood. This way and that, he peers into the surrounding obscurity. In every hole the terrifying Presence may be lurking; from every corner he may stealthily advance. His shape is unknown, his powers undefined. All the singer can tell is that He will catch children if he can. Mystery surrounds him with infernal aura. At any second, a skinny hand may clutch, a ravening mouth devour. A royal game of hide-and-seek for some incalculable monster is enacted. It has been said that men fear death as children fear to go in the dark. Certainly, children fear to go in the dark, but there is a tremulous pleasure in it all the same. The childlike and ignorant mind half fears, half loves to feel its flesh creep. So does the Harmsworth Press. To repeated *encore*s for their Bogey song, they invariably oblige again. They will sing all night. The song is irresistible.

To be sure, the theme varies, and the Bogey changes his imagined form. Therein lies his haunting beauty and hideous advantage. He is a Proteus in the dark, changing his terrors so rapidly that he can never become a "wheeze," never a "back-number," but, new every morning and evening with our uprising and sleep, his shadow crawls in shades. At first he was the Spy. Then he was the Hidden Hand (his finest title). At one time, he was actually Lord Haldane—so definite and corporeal a ghost. So from fear to fear the palpitating burden of the song recurred, and ever and again it titillated the apprehensions of the crowd. Then for a week or two its delicious terrors seemed to flag. The figure of Mr. Morel trying to send his pamphlet to M. Romain Rolland in Switzerland was hardly a bogey "up to sample." The horrors of Revolutionary Ferment among workpeople fell dismally flat, and "reprisals" were only pretty fair. The Bishop of Exeter rushed to the rescue with the apparition of Conscientious Objectors plotting the overthrow of God and Man in Dartmoor Prison; but that illuminated turnip was too ridiculous to take in the most creepy reader. Suddenly, from unsuspected depths of sulphuric gloom, half hidden, half revealed, enwrap in the desired atmosphere of mystery and corruption, the form of Bolo glimmered on the night. "Not too soon, and not too late, but just in time," he came (if we may quote the chorus of a less entrancing song). Bolo was just the thing; an easy name, a dubious figure, a savor of the underworld. Let us peer for Bolo at every turn. The more Bolos we cannot see, the greater is the joy of panic. So, with renewed vitality, the weary, old, exanguined but irresistible strain can start once more. Our congratulations on such a "stunt" as this!

"Who is the British Bolo?" whispers the "Daily Mail." That sets the thing going; for one must assume a bogey exists, else where does the pleasurable fear come in? The "Daily Mail" tells us, "Everyone is asking 'Who is the British Bolo?'" It would be too horribly disappointing if there wasn't one, after all. But the "Daily Mail," ready to believe our fellow-countrymen guilty of any abomination, has no doubt on the subject.

"The Government," it says, "has been inclined for too long to treat the peacemongers, who are also treasonmongers, as harmless cranks, but it is now realized that they are a national danger, and the exposure of German intrigues in France and the United States suggests that activities on similar lines are in some cases fostered and financed by the enemy."

It is an admirable instance of "suggestio falsi," but it goes down well enough with amateurs of the Bogey Song. The "Daily Mail" continues:—

"It is estimated that one organization has spent at least £20,000 during the last six months in anti-war propaganda. Where does this money come from? Now that the authorities have possession of the books of the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdener Bank, and other German financial organizations, it should be possible to trace payments when not directly associated with commercial transactions. Last July the secretary of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations spoke of 'pro-Germans and pacifists being ceaselessly at work with apparently unlimited funds.'"

That is not exactly evidence; but, then, it is suspicion, not evidence, which a bogey-hunt requires. In a leading article of last Monday, the "Daily Mail" grows portentous in pursuit:—

"The question of supreme importance for Great Britain is now whether Bolos exist in Great Britain, and, if so, who they are. There is every surface indication that they are active here. We have pacifists who behave precisely as though they were employed by some British Bolo; and we know that they have large funds. Whence do they get those funds? What are the names of the subscribers to them? If there are British Bolos at work we hope that every effort will be made to reach them and to punish them as they deserve."

Why, yes! Everyone hopes that. The only difference between us and the "Daily Mail" is that we hope there are no "British Bolos" to be found, whereas the "Daily Mail," anxious only to discredit the very name of peace, desperately hopes there are. Inevitably, the "Evening News" joins in the hounding cry. It has

heard "information" that "Germany, through numerous agitators and agents operating in certain centres, has been preparing to launch a desperate pacific campaign amongst the civilian population of Great Britain." That threat of "a desperate pacific campaign" does really suggest something supernaturally horrible. It is a triumph of interesting terror.

"It is stated," the "Evening News" continues, "that by means of colossal bribes the German Government sought to control various enterprises with a view to undermining public opinion on the prosecution of the war."

"The Hun schemes were entrusted to 'mediums,' not all of whom were of enemy nationality. No expense was to be spared to ensure the success of the Berlin coup."

"Mediums," with its suggestion of mystery, is good. So is "colossal bribes"; for while you are out to accuse your countrymen of foul corruption, you may as well make it worth their while. The need for colossal bribes is obvious from another paragraph:—

"Are there any Bolos here? It is quite certain that there is plenty of money at the disposal of the peace organizations, one of which boasted that in the first six months of 1916 it distributed five million pamphlets on peace negotiations, and asked for more money, as it was estimated that every million cost £4,000."

"At that rate this one organization spent £20,000 in six months on paper and printing. The delivery cost nothing, the distributors dropping the pamphlets in letter-boxes after the occupiers of the houses had gone to bed."

Perhaps, after all, that is the supreme touch of bogey art. What childish mind would miss the shiver of romantic delight as it pictured those fiendish distributors of peace stealing through the midnight streets and silently dropping pamphlets in letter-boxes while the occupier upstairs dreamt peacefully of distant war? The "Evening News" goes on to reveal the absolutely appalling doctrines which these inexplosive missives may contain. It gives nine of them as put forward in speeches and recent publications. We have not room for all, but take three:—

"We do not believe in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but in loving one another."

That is, of course, unpardonable. The doctrine appears to be derived from the Gospels. Let the Bishop of London look to it! At any moment, he may be suspect. Again, another hideous doctrine quoted in the indictment runs:—

"German militarism is already defeated."

General Smuts told us that, and we recognize its danger, but we are horribly afraid there are people who wish it were true. The third of these atrocious articles of propagandist corruption says:—

"Everybody is so tired of war that if Germany offered fair terms we should insist upon the Government accepting them."

This is at least equally dangerous. We are convinced that the writers on the "Evening News" will never be tired of the war so long as they live comfortably in London. They will "stick it" heroically, no matter how fair the offered terms may be. But we have some doubt as to the men, cold and wet and exhausted, amid the mud and blood and filth of the actual lines. Perhaps they might agree that they were tired of the war; might even agree with the amazing doctrine of colossally corrupted pacifists that if the terms offered by Germany were really fair, the Government ought to accept them. The "Evening News" may find it difficult to prevent this pernicious suggestion from coming to their ears, even without the help of Bolo.

We have shown that we fully realize the joys of bogey-hunting, and the seductive charm of the bogey song. To the unoccupied mind, remote from personal risk, and unacquainted with the realities of war, they afford a pleasing resource. Yet the amusement has its perils, if pursued too far. "Spy-mania" is a scientifically recognized phase of incipient insanity. Under the militarism and police-system of Germany and the Russia of the Tsars, the present writer has known how pitiable



daily life may become in the midst of Government spies and provocative agents. So he watches the efforts now made to impose a similar militarism and police-system upon ourselves. Yet the daily life of a patient slowly sinking into insanity through the disease of spy-mania has appeared to him more pitiable still. The man is haunted with unreal terrors. In every face he imagines an enemy secretly watchful. Even when no one is present, he feels himself observed by invisible but malignant eyes. Brooding suspicions fill his thoughts. His wholesome nature rots, all sweetness putrefying into bitter suspicion, all light dying out in a gloom of fear, until at last his existence reproduces in little the afflicted state of Rome when the Informers crept from house to house, and distrust contaminated the city like stagnant air. Similar is the state to which these repeated gusts of suspicion may reduce a hurried and overstrained population. We heartily congratulate the Harmsworth gang and their imitators on discovering a new and telling "stunt." "Stunts" are what they live on, and this one is first-rate nutriment. But if they insist upon nosing among English people for the dirtiest crimes, and are incapable of believing that a man may hold unpopular ideals without taking cash for his trouble, could they not turn their attention to certain figures who suck riches from the blood and destruction of a whole generation, so promising, so full of hope? We can assure them they will find no nasty pacifism there. There they will only find the lust for blood-stained wealth; and there they will encounter many who tread softly and whisper the chorus of "Hush! Hush! Hush!"

## Music.

### UPS AND DOWNS.

It used to be a commonplace among sensible people who loved music that the "Proms" were "the nicest concerts in London." They were representative, informal, and unaffected. Moreover, they were, in a manner, unique. Nowhere else in the world, to my knowledge, could you for a shilling hear so much good music of all kinds decently performed. The benefits they have conferred on English musical education are simply incalculable. Wherefore no excuse is needed for treating the well-being of the "Proms" as of first-class importance to the musical world.

Unfortunately, it seems to me that this well-being is by no means so firmly established as it used to be. Not that this season's "Proms" were exactly bad. On the contrary, we have had some excellent concerts, and the musician who understands the art of watchful waiting and has a shilling to spend may still pass a most agreeable evening at the Queen's Hall. But, candidly, there must be rather more waiting and more watchfulness than formerly, and the agreeableness is not quite so assured. True, the deterioration may not be very serious at present, but that the descent of Avernus is easy every schoolboy knows. Wherefore, we do not like to see Sir Henry Wood taking so much as one step downward. Who can tell where he will be able to stop? The only possible strategy to win success for popular concerts of this kind is the offensive. You must advance continually. The defensive is doomed to failure. It becomes merely dull. And a retreat is an impossibility. It turns automatically into a rout.

The serious aspect of the case is that the deterioration, small though it may be, is general. Not only, as it seems to me, has the quality of the programmes deteriorated, but the standard of performance has also been lowered. We might have put up with the nuisance of Intermezzi from "Cavalleria," Gavottes from "Mignon," provided that the better music were thereby better played. Unfortunately, however, it is not better played. The strings, still good though they are, have lost *ensemble* and polish; the woodwind has coarsened sensibly; the brass, always apt to be tempestuous, is now a hurricane, whose blasts would do

credit to the noisiest efforts of our most vigorous anti-aircraft *barrage*. The fact of the matter is that more rehearsals are imperatively needed to bring the orchestra under proper control—and rehearsals are a question of money. In all probability the necessary money is not at Sir Henry Wood's disposal, so that, on the whole, I am not inclined to blame him overmuch. It is whispered, moreover—though with what degree of truth I really do not know—that his control of the programmes is not so absolute as might be supposed. If this be true, it is a musical scandal, and would more than account for the deterioration I have described.

It is the greatest pity that the Queen's Hall Orchestra could not have been subsidized years ago in the public interest, as are so many American orchestras. Here we had a splendid orchestra with a conductor, who, whatever his defects, was broad-minded and had captured the public imagination. Yet we may see the whole organism decline for lack of two or three thousand a year! After all, orchestral concerts are and must remain the *pièce de résistance* of modern music. Operas may be more popular and chamber-music more refined, but the principal means of expression for the modern composer lies in the orchestra. And to think that we might have enjoyed for a beggarly sum a continuity of popular concerts of the best kind, worth, musically, all the publishing trusts and charitable funds ever imagined! If the "Proms" are allowed to die or decay, nobody need boast again of public spirit in London.

It is especially regrettable to see the star of Sir Henry Wood on the wane, because the star of Sir Thomas Beecham is very much in the ascendant. It would be hard to overestimate the importance and success of the work the latter has been doing at Drury Lane and in the provinces. Indeed, Sir Thomas with his resources and energy may well make a regular "corner" in English music. That is why I desire to see Sir Henry in an unassailable position. If we must have a "corner" in music at all, a Beecham "corner" is certainly the best possible. But all "corners" are dangerous. Two or three independent musical organizations provide a safeguard not to be despised.

Nevertheless, the debt we owe to Beecham is incalculable, and there should be no grudging acknowledgment of it. During the last two seasons he has given us a performance of "Boris Godounow" so good that not even the memory of Chaliapin and the glamor that still surrounds the tradition of Russian Ballet and Opera could spoil it; a quite wonderful "Tristan"; a splendid "Aida"; a "Figaro," which approve or disapprove it as you will, was so interesting and intelligent that all London had to have an opinion about it one way or the other. And these were only the outstanding performances. Very nearly all the Beecham productions have been what critics love to call "adequate." And the adequate "Otello" and "Ivan the Terrible" make no mean accomplishment.

On the whole, there can be no doubt, I think, that the connoisseurs of Opera and most of the critics have greatly underestimated the excellence of these performances—especially the connoisseurs. The chief characteristic of the operatic connoisseur in London is that he knows nothing about ordinary Opera at all. He associates Opera with fashionable pyrotechnics at Covent Garden, Mozart Festivals in Munich, Wagner pilgrimages to Bayreuth. If he be more than usually enterprising he may even throw in a few special performances of "Pelleas et Mélisande" at the Opera Comique, and some of the more sensational Strauss productions at Stuttgart, Vienna, or Dresden. In short, he has specialized in Opera for millionaires; about the ordinary performances of ordinary Operas at ordinary prices he neither knows nor cares anything. And the average critic is like unto him—except that the critic, poor fellow, fails from a lack and not from an excess of superfluous wealth. A man who has neither time nor leisure to travel outside England cannot possibly know anything at all about the various standards of Opera. His knowledge of it must be confined to the fortuitous collection of rival "stars" that did duty for opera at

Covent Garden on the one hand, and on the other to the conscientious incompetence of well-meaning mediocrities that used to represent Opera in English. When he is confronted with a company that is utterly unlike either, what is he to say? The singers are not up to the standard of Caruso, or Van Rooy, or Melba, though the whole performance may seem far more satisfactory than any he has ever seen in or out of English. Better hedge! And he does, furiously.

The result of all this is that most people are quite ignorant of the fact that they may now enjoy performances of Opera in their own language about as good as those that they would see in a German theatre with, let us say, a subsidy of twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year. Last year the performances were not quite up to this standard; next year, if anybody is left alive to give or to hear them, they will probably be rather better. In a comparatively short time they ought to reach the standard of the Vienna Opera House, which enjoys, if my memory be not faulty, an annual subsidy of some hundred thousand pounds. The point is that this improvement has been both steady and gradual, though there is, of course, still room for more. The repertory, especially, needs to be enlarged; the company would be the better for an additional dramatic soprano and another dramatic tenor as good as Mr. Mullings. Most important of all, perhaps, the prices of the seats should be lowered, if this be by any means possible. But these things cannot happen all at once. To expect to accomplish in three years what can be done with difficulty in ten or fifteen is not only to ensure disappointment, but to court failure. We do not want any hot-house methods in this the only promising experiment in English Opera since the days of the Harrison and Pyne company, beloved of the Prince Consort. There is far too much of the orchid and the forced strawberry about our music as it is. Indeed, the whole of our fashionable musical life is under glass, and though a yield of Turkish tenors, Basque baritones, and Finnish fiddlers may be altogether delightful, it has, unfortunately, nothing whatever to do with English music or even music in England. At any rate, there can be no doubt possible: English Opera has arrived. Whether it stays in London or migrates to Manchester, or vanishes altogether, is now a question for us lovers of music. Beecham has done his part; are we going to fail in ours?

FRANCIS TOYE.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR.

SIR,—The controversy between Mr. Headlam and myself is running to an unprofitable length, for inevitably each of us is forced to bring forward points which the other has omitted. Mr. Headlam does this with some asperity, forgetting that a really adequate handling of all this complicated material would have demanded from me, not a letter to THE NATION, but a book as long and as careful as his own. I will not retort in kind to his charges of suppression and inaccuracy. My complaint of his handling of the material is rather that his minute and conscientious absorption in the texts obscures his view of the facts. The more serious of our two main points of difference illustrates what I mean. I have argued that the German Government, at the critical moment, drew a sharp distinction between a general or a partial mobilization by Russia. It deprecated even a partial mobilization against Austria, but it was only a general mobilization (i.e., on the German front), which it regarded as a *casus belli*. There is some conflict among the many texts which conveyed its warnings. Some (on which Mr. Headlam relies) are general and draw no clear distinction. The two warnings, on which I rely, by Herr von Jagow to the British and French Ambassadors (White Paper, No. 43; Yellow Book, No. 67) are, on the contrary, as precise as they well could be. Even so, the verbal conflict is not, in all these texts, so serious as Mr. Headlam contends. Thus the fullest version of the first of the two Pourtales warnings (Austrian book, No. 28) merely says that mobilization would be "a highly dangerous form of diplomatic pressure." The Kaiser's point was that mobilization against Austria would spoil his work of mediation, not that it would of itself force him to mobilize. If there is any doubt about

what the German Government really meant, the way to settle it is to inquire what the German Government actually did. It did not mobilize on receiving, on the 29th, the official news that Russia was mobilizing against Austria. It waited until there came from Russia, on the 31st, the official announcement that the mobilization was general. It did not, in fact, itself order a general mobilization till August 1st. Mr. Headlam has himself in his later book described fully the conflict over mobilization between the Chancellor and the War Party in Berlin. It cannot have escaped him that the Chancellor acted exactly on the lines laid down in the two von Jagow warnings. I can see nothing unusual in the fact that the Chancellor, through his Secretary of State, chose the British and French Ambassadors as the vehicles of his more careful and deliberate warnings. He relied on Britain and France to secure moderation in Petrograd exactly as he himself enforced it in Vienna.

My second main point is that M. Sazonoff ignored these warnings, ordered a mobilization on the German as well as on the Austrian front, and concealed what he had done from his Allies, because they were insisting that he should do nothing which would directly provoke Germany. The main facts stand clear from any possible controversy. The Sukhomlinoff trial has told us exactly what happened in Petrograd on the 29th. A council was held apparently in the morning, and certainly before 3 p.m., at which the order for a general mobilization was signed and counter-signed. It was handed to the Chief of the Staff (Janushkevitch), who in turn (after seeing the German Attaché) passed it on to the Chief of the Mobilization Section, who acted at once upon it, and was engaged on the evening of the 29th in sending out the telegrams to the provinces. Contrast with this prompt action to give effect to the general mobilization, the diplomatic steps which M. Sazonoff took. He had already sent out, on the 28th, a circular telegram to all the European capitals (which arrived on the 29th) announcing the partial mobilization against Austria of thirteen corps in the districts of Odessa, Kieff, Moscow, and Kazan, and pointed out that this involved no aggressive intention against Germany. On the 29th the French Ambassador reports that the corps are to be mobilized "which are to operate against Austria." On the same day (29th) M. Sazonoff saw Sir G. Buchanan, who gave him the von Jagow warning, which had already reached him from another source. "The mobilization," he replied, "would only be directed against Austria." Finally, there is the second statement to the French Ambassador (Yellow Book, No. 102), which, as I contend, goes even further. Like Sir G. Buchanan, M. Paléologue must have referred to the von Jagow warning, and he added to it the desire of the French Government that "every military measure which could offer Germany the pretext for general mobilization should be avoided." What did M. Sazonoff answer? Once more the old inexactitude "that the mobilization ordered this morning was exclusively directed against Austria." This was said on the 30th while the general mobilization was actually in full swing. To this he added the further untruth that the General Staff had suspended its [or some of its] measures of precaution.

I am content to waive all details. The undeniable fact is that M. Sazonoff, having started mobilization against Germany on the evening of the 29th, still assured his Allies on the 30th that he was mobilizing only against Austria, and did not even to them admit that the mobilization was general, until the morning of the 31st, when the placards were up in the streets. Not only did he fail to inform them: he went out of his way to mislead them. What does Mr. Headlam answer to all this? That I ought to have noticed an error in the translation of M. Paléologue's despatch issued by our Government—an odd complaint from Mr. Headlam, whose own Department, if I mistake not, was responsible for the invaluable Red Book. The error in translation does not affect my point. If M. Sazonoff said that some, not all, of these measures of precaution had been suspended, he still said what was untrue. The two Generals agreed to "do nothing" when the Tsar ordered a suspension, and M. Sazonoff was acting with them. Secondly, Mr. Headlam tells me that M. Paléologue could not have read the statement as he supposes that I do, because the mobilization of thirteen corps was already a public fact, which he had himself reported. Certainly, I never supposed that M. Sazonoff said, or M. Paléologue believed, that the measures against Austria had been stopped. The whole context (even with the official mistranslation) makes it clear that what was said to have been suspended was the mobilization (or "measures of precaution") against Germany. Lastly, Mr. Headlam disputes that M. Sazonoff and the two generals were acting in concert when they disobeyed the Tsar. Whether they all told the "lie" to the Tsar, which Sukhomlinoff admits telling, one cannot certainly say. Janushkevitch was in touch with M. Sazonoff on the night of the 29th. My point is simply that on the 29th M. Sazonoff shared the responsibility for originally ordering a general mobilization, and on the 30th he saw the Tsar, talked him over, and then, in a Council which lasted ten minutes, decided that the mobilization could not, and must not, be stopped. In these two actions, as I put it, he "joined the War Party" (if he did not originally belong to it), not because he



mobilized against Austria (for that he had at the moment a good reason), but because he mobilized also against Germany. He knew the danger of that provocative action. He knew that it would be unwelcome (to use a mild word) to the Allied Governments. He relieved their alarms by misrepresenting the facts. That was disloyal conduct, and it was also the conduct of a man who was prepared to precipitate a war which he regarded as "inevitable."—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

October 9th, 1917.

P.S.—I must add an answer, as brief as I can make it, to two of Mr. Headlam's detailed points. In quoting the second despatch from M. Jules Cambon regarding the von Jagow warning, he has omitted a vital sentence (Yellow Book, No. 109). Herr von Jagow, after pointing out how one act of mobilization must lead to another, said "this [a complete Austrian mobilization] might cause, as a counter-measure, complete Russian mobilization, and consequently that of Germany." This omitted passage confirms my reading of the German attitude. Again, in quoting (from the German version) what General Janushkevitch said to the German Attaché, Mr. Headlam omits the vital half of his sentence: "He could not assume a guarantee for the future, but he could emphasize that in the fronts directed towards our frontiers *His Majesty desired no mobilization.*" Verbally true once more, but disloyal and misleading. His Majesty's desire, as the General knew, had been over-ruled. Mr. Headlam, I have no doubt, "suppressed" these passages to save space, or because he did not grasp their importance. I would suggest to him that it is always more courteous and generally fairer to proceed on that assumption.—H. N. B.

#### REPRISALS.

SIR,—Last week you drew attention to two formidable air raids, and insisted (in italics) that London must be protected. You stated that "the ideal defence is a consistent and continual offensive against German bases," and instanced Essen and Dusseldorf as being convenient for the purpose.

This week you show that with a good barrage the strain on our nerves from the noise is the worst we need fear; and "A Wayfarer" complains that but for "our unspeakable Press" we should realize our immunity. This week you refer to the bombing of German people as an immoral diversion of our strength, and "A Wayfarer" emphasizes the immorality.

But you make no reference to the offensive against German bases, and you refuse to support General Smuts in his policy, though he made it clear, I thought, that his offensive is to be directed only against munition centres.

You drew no distinction between munition centres and open towns in discussing the question of reprisals last June, when you poured scorn on those who, you said, would attempt to out-Herod Herod.

It would seem, then, that you have now reconsidered your attitude, and re-learned the lesson you taught then. And one can only attribute your conversion to your faith in the efficacy of our barrage, for no one has proposed to bomb open towns in preference to munition centres. Now that you consider the London children to be reasonably safe, your thoughts turn to children of Essen.

On the other hand, it may be that you regard Essen and Dusseldorf as German military establishments, and London as strictly civilian. Is it on this understanding that you cannot see the point of our imitation of the German raids? Is it on a distinction between a munition centre as a military establishment and a university town as "open," that the question of our descent to Hell depends? Is it murder to raid Bonn and justifiable homicide to bomb Cologne? Are the children of one town (Junkers) to be killed and the children of the other (Socialists) to be spared? Or, do you guarantee that in your ideal defence of London, though the offensive be never so consistent and continual, no German people will be hurt?—Yours, &c.,

P.

October 9th, 1917.

[We are afraid no logical position is possible. Women and children are now in the firing lines if they happen to live in towns bombarded from the air, even though the predominant character of these places be military. But it is possible to distinguish between a policy of deliberate revenge and one aiming at a direct military result. The former is covered by General Smuts's phrase of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth"—i.e., a German woman for an English woman, a German child for an English child. The latter obviously excuses an attack on the works at Essen and forbids one on Freiburg.—ED., NATION.]

#### THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN IMPASSE.

SIR,—While fully appreciating your exhaustive and lucid article upon the present situation in Austria-Hungary in your issue of to-day, I should like to point out the following with regard to Bohemia:—

The author of the article on "The Austro-Hungarian Impasse" declares the "right of nationality" to be incompatible with Bohemia's State-Right. In their Reichsrat declaration of May 30th, the Tchechs claimed independence in the first place on ground of the "right of nationalities" which in their case they declared to be "strengthened by inalienable and fully recognized historical rights." These historical rights complete and strengthen, and do not exclude our natural right to freedom as a nation. We do not seek "dominion over German minorities," and the parallel of the Hungarian State Right is out of place. The Magyars form only 51 per cent. of the population of Hungary proper, yet they do not even recognize that there is a question of nationalities in Hungary. On the other hand, the Tchecho-Slovaks would form some 80 per cent. (if not more) of the population of the future independent Bohemian State, and they are quite prepared to grant equal rights and autonomy to German minorities.

Seeing that in their Note to President Wilson in January last the Allies proclaimed the liberation of the Tchecho-Slovaks as one of their war aims, the Tchechs naturally look to the Allies for support and declare the problem of the independence of Bohemia to be an international question. Their claim that it should be made a subject of discussion at the Peace Conference, therefore, does not appear to be absurd or "politically impossible." The author himself admits that the international character of the Polish and Yugoslav problems is indisputable. If the Poles and Southern Slavs achieve national unity and independence (as we hope they will), then the Tchechs will never consent to be left again racially divided and at the mercy of Vienna and Budapest. The question of Bohemia is truly an international question, and its satisfactory solution alongside with the Polish and Yugoslav problems is a necessary condition of a permanent peace in Europe, for it was chiefly the German-Magyar hegemony in Austria-Hungary which enabled Germany to defy the whole world. The Tchechs have never renounced the historical rights of the Kingdom of Bohemia to independence which were acknowledged by the late Francis Joseph himself in 1871. If nothing else, this alone ought to make the problem of Bohemia an international affair.—Yours, &c.,

VLADIMIR NOSEK.

Thanet House, 231, Strand.

September 29th, 1917.

#### "BLESSED BANNERS."

SIR,—An ounce of fact is worth a pound of fiction. The author of "Blessed Banners" in your issue of October 6th has evidently not outgrown the conception of the clergy that he illustrates by his character sketch in "The Loom of Youth." One wonders, however, a little at your endorsement of his judgment by publication of his libel.

Every profession has its exceptions, and the clerical one, like others, is not immune from failures. But, in this matter of courage and conduct, the record of the Padres on active service is one of which their countrymen may well be proud. For proof, there are the list of lives laid down, the distinctions earned, and the constant recurrence of individual records in contemporary literature—see, for instance, that of the two Chaplains in "The Pals at Suvla Bay—D Co., 7th Dublin Fusiliers," the appreciation of Bishop Furse in Young's "Marching on Tanga," the exploit of E. J. Kennedy in Corbett-Smith's "Marne and After."

Perhaps then, if the author of the above travesty has opportunity—he, or you on his behalf, will see fit to make some amends to the Cloth?—Yours, &c.,

EVELYN DRAGE.

Pickering Vicarage. October 9th, 1917.

#### Poetry.

##### LOST IN FRANCE.

He has the plowman's strength  
In the grasp of his hand.  
He could see a crow  
Three mile away,  
And the trout beneath the stone.  
He could hear the green oats growing,  
And the sou'-west making rain;  
And the wheel upon the hill  
When it left the level road.  
He could make a gate, and dig a pit,  
And plow as straight as stone can fall.  
And he is dead.

E. R.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Lord Acton's Correspondence." Edited by J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence. Vol. I. (Longmans. 15s. net.)  
 "Last Words on Great Issues." By J. Beattie Crozier. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Road and the Inn." By J. J. Hissey. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)  
 "The Priest of the Ideal." By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "In the World." By Maxim Gorki. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Miss Mary." By Katherine Tynan. (Murray. 5s. net.)  
 "A Communion of Sinners." By Evelyn Sharp. ("The Herald." 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Woman of the Horizon." By Gilbert Frankau. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

THERE seems to be more writing done than reading in war-time, so the harm done may be relatively small; unless, for example, the Kaiser and Hindenburg actually read the open letters which Mr. Bottomley addresses to them, and unless the public really does find helpful those cheery oleographic pictures of war, published daily, and thought to be quite good enough for such as we are, but which as representations of battle are not even of commercial value.

As to war-time reading, perhaps nothing ever written has ever had the acute attention fixed instantly on the French *communiqués* of the first weeks of this war. There was never very much of them. Though soon scanned, their interpretation took a great deal of time. In France, at any rate, we read them till we knew them by heart, for what we wanted to find in them was exactly what they did not appear to contain. Those daily reports claimed the regard which would be given to the cabalistic intimation of personal doom. No, we read nothing else in those days—the French censor helped us in that—and we went through those messages backwards, and with and without their stops, and turned them upside down in the childish hope that a lucky slant of light might betray the trick in them; though it never did. Never before nor since have I examined a few selected words with such scrupulous care, not even the Beatitudes; but then, we could hear the German guns where we read those messages; and perhaps if the Beatitudes were studied to a subterranean rumbling and occasional gusts from Tophet . . .

MAYBE the representation of life, which we call art, even when it has a moral purpose, is only wanted when we are not particularly active and engaged, or when the mind is sick. On a certain day—for me, I think it was September 7th, 1914, in a *café* at Chartres—the deadly fascination passed out of the *communiqués*, and one could look at other print with eyes not quite void of interest. Columns of white space in the French newspapers, signed ironically by well-known writers, were sufficient to show that somewhere, at that time, though thickly insulated, intelligence was at work in the world. The horizon enlarged, breathing became easier, we saw the sun in the sky again, and noticed with considerable surprise that, while we had been so absorbed and neglectful, yet the autumn leaves had not forgotten that it was time to bronze. The earth, after an astonishing spasm which threatened to spill all that mattered into the outer blue, appeared inclined to resume again its old outlines; more or less.

SINCE then literature by the ton has gone to the front, because it has been wanted there. Apart from the Bibles which have turned bullets from the hearts of the lucky, some books have saved the souls of some men from death through the poisonous belief that their world was in irreparable ruin. A man fixed to a duty in the dismaying waste of the Somme, unless he could be reassured by faint though continuous hints that the earth he remembered still existed, and that if he survived the horror about him he

would again take his place among those established and reasonable circumstances which seemed then to have passed, was likely to die indeed; and he knew of that ultimate danger, worse than all that threatened the body. You cannot witness a starved cat eating the brains of a creature like yourself without looking round for more support than the heavy howitzers are obviously giving you. At such a moment, even to a British soldier, an appeal from Mr. Blatchford or the Bishop of London counts for little. It is hardly sustaining. It misses the right ear. It has, as it were, no sense. It does not keep the light from going out.

WHAT does? Well, the letters from home did most. Great Art, those scrawled letters from the children. In the filthy, disrupted, and unreasonable aspect of war, those letters hinted at the incredible persistence, out of sight, of the things without which even a great and decisive victory would not save this planet from being merely a burnt-out cinder in the sky of night. Any writing which can do that has the root of the matter in it, at least. The letters from home had first place, easily, at the front.

THE great trouble there is that the actors in the show cannot make the tragedy tally anywhere with what is reasonable. The whole affair has the ordered solemnity and urgency of organized lunacy. It is clearly impossible to discuss reasonably the utterly unreasonable, so one jokes sardonically about it "out there," and thinks Bainsfather jolly clever to get some of it down as he does, while bitterly resenting the amusement of civilians who imagine, from Bainsfather's drawings, and as well as from their own smiles, that soldiers regard the explosion of a mortar-bomb on a dug-out roof as a comic episode.

THE books and mural decorations found in dug-outs and billets on the British front require a volume to show them rightly, and deserve it. They are sufficiently and often blithely indicative. They would tell us much, interpreted by a discerning writer of full experience. It ought to be done, as one good war-book. I know of a beautifully libellous screen in Flanders, ornamented with figures neatly cut from "La Vie Parisienne," figures craftily associated with portraits of our Great Ones in a manner that needs no fuller explanation of the view of those famous publicists held by that merry but serious brigade staff.

I THINK it is only those of noteworthy hardihood who read books of any kind in the trenches. Even support and reserve trenches, though on relatively quiet parts of the line, usually have a most distracting atmosphere. One just glanced at the cheap periodicals, if they happened to be lying about, and chiefly because they were sure to provide matter for jests that relieved the mind. Further back men got settled to novels—light, frothy stuff, if it were not dashed with any nonsense about war. Brisk adventure in places remote from Europe, polar and tropical narrative that disembodied and transported us to a great distance, keeping our attention fixed miles and miles away, was especially welcome. I used to find scraps of Jules Verne, for instance, pretty frequently in old French dug-outs. From the novels one saw derelict and sodden in German quarters after the retreat of last winter, the enemy appears to have been in the same mind about it. Even he does not crave for the solemnities of his priests of war.

THERE was one man I knew who could sit down while in billets and was lost in the translating of Horace. And many of us carried about everywhere, as a sort of life-line, a good volume, if suitable for the pocket, which could steady us, if only touched, with a reminder that intelligence was not dead. "The Oxford Book of English Verse" was a great favorite; though if you were not careful it was stolen. Lamb, Sterne, Sir Thomas Browne, were all excellent as mascots. One did not often read them. The time and mood rarely coincided. But in the act of packing them with the other articles, or when sighted lying about among the tools of war, or when the pressure of them was felt in the pocket, they were certainly medicinal. Poise was recovered. For just a second, the eyes went to the everlasting hills.

H. M. T.



# "THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

**T**HERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting here, in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front."

Here is the letter in question:—

"I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

—, Captain."

As an isolated letter, the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

More than thirty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.'s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority and his D.S.O. to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:—

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life; this is a most virulent danger. I may add, it inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence forces one irresistibly to the conclusion that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

## An Amazing Fact.

The amazing fact is that, however, sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

## "Pelmanism" in the Services.

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful. At the present time there are no fewer than 7,000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:—

- 26 Generals.
- 4 Admirals.
- 81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
- 144 Colonels.
- Over 3,000 other Officers.

From these voluntary reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:—

- Promotion to Colonelcy.
- Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Doubled my turnover.
- Naval Promotion (Captain).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.

- Increased turnover and salary.
- Secured a Staff appointment.
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my Commission Account.
- I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
- Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
- My salary has been increased by 90 per cent.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this; the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties, leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand. Many of them actually reproach The Pelman Institute for under-stating the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:—

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study; and over one hundred titled people have enrolled for it within the last few weeks (from ducal rank downwards).

## Qualities Developed.

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## Reviews.

### THE MORALITY OF FOREIGN POLICY.

"A Century of British Foreign Policy." By G. P. GOOCH and J. H. B. MASTERMAN. (London: Council for the Study of International Relations. 2s. 6d. net.)

"British Foreign Policy in Europe." By H. E. EGERTON, Beit Professor of Colonial History and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

"A CENTURY OF BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY" is an admirable little book—concise, well arranged, well combined. Canon Masterman's part, which runs from 1815 to the close of the South African War, is a model of compressed narrative. Mr. Gooch, who has half as much space again, and only the first dozen years of the twentieth century to deal with, is able to state both sides in many controversial questions, without losing the "objective" point of view that is characteristic of the whole book. Professor Egerton's volume (with its 407 pages against the other's 109) is more rambling, and indeed he tells us at the beginning that "it is an attempt to answer—by marshalling the evidence—the practical question—how much of truth there is in the charge so often made by German publicists and historians that the past history of British foreign policy has been conspicuous for its display of perfidy and unscrupulousness." The result is a rather formless cento of quotations from speeches, memoirs, and biographies, ranging from the sixteenth century, when the policies of the different European States became woven into one strand, down to the end of the nineteenth. We doubt if this is the right method of accomplishing the object proposed. Having looked through his material Professor Egerton might have formulated his conclusions, but he has left that task to his readers, without the means of performing it; for texts selected by another party are notoriously an unsound basis for an independent judgment. Moreover, Professor Egerton tends to select passages from the past which derive some piquancy from the present situation. He is not only excerpting a brief, but hinting a moral; and, as a historical method, this is radically false. History may occasionally re-enact its big scenes, but it never repeats itself in retail. The little coincidences mislead because they obscure the fundamental differences beneath.

Professor Egerton's miscellany has this merit, that it contains specimens of our iniquities (served with somewhat indulgent comment), as well as of our fine actions, and from the material before us we can, at any rate, rebut the charge that the British Empire has been built up by a sustained, far-seeing, unscrupulous design. Yet that says little, for the same acquittal can be pronounced upon every empire that has ever arisen in the world. Great political structures, like complex organisms, are not created by conscious purpose, but by the play of chance upon some *dan ritul*, like the hunger of a peasantry for land, the impulse of coast-dwellers to scour the sea, the gregariousness of people with a common language. So the Germans became a united nation, so the British Empire and the Russian Empire grew. The deliberate policy of a Bismarck or a Chatham or a Peter introduced, at most, twenty years' continuity of purpose into the evolution of centuries. Look twenty years back or forward, and other statesmen are "in power," with policies that are inconsistent with theirs, or, at any rate, discontinuous; but the growth of the organism goes steadily on, and when we study it we see that it is a whole.

The best foreign policy is seldom morally good, because the European tradition has pitched the standard of foreign policy far lower than the standard of internal politics or of individual conduct. But the standard of foreign policy in any particular state seems to vary in some proportion to its internal conditions. "How will England appear before the world," wrote Queen Victoria in 1848-49, "at the moment when she is struggling to maintain her supremacy in Ireland, . . . if she should now ally herself with the arch-enemy of Austria, to interfere against her at the moment when she has recovered, in some degree, her position in the Venetian territory?" And again: "It will be a calamity for ages to come if this principle is to become part of international law—viz., that a people can, at any time, transfer their

allegiance from the sovereign of one State to that of another by universal suffrage." Because she was the ruler of an oppressed, as well as a free, nation, Queen Victoria was led to take sides with her fellow-monarchs in the same situation; and because, on the other hand, she was the ruler of a constitutional country, her inclinations did not determine the course of British policy, as they would have done had she possessed the prerogatives of her royal contemporaries. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Gooch that Francis Joseph returned the Queen's sympathy at the latter end of their reigns, by declaring himself "on the side of England" in the South African War; for the same motives were at work in his case. The Queen saw another Ireland in Lombardy and Venetia; the Emperor another Serbia and Montenegro in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

It may be argued that constitutional government in Britain, which kept our foreign policy straight in 1848-49, was, after all, the result of conscious efforts of statesmanship, and cannot be credited to some blind principle of growth. Yet if we compare the development of the British Empire and the Hapsburg Empire from beginning to end, we seem to find the secret of their different characters in the difference, not of their statesmanship, but of their environment. Take the cases of Serbia and the Transvaal, the Afrikaners and the Yugoslavs. The elements of the two situations are the same; a vigorous nationality, impossibly partitioned between a cosmopolitan empire and an independent national state; stupidity, vacillation, and evil pride in the empire's statesmanship; provocation and swollen-headedness on the side of the independent state; and the sordid friction flaming up at last into war. Neither of these wars ought to have arisen, and the statesmanship responsible in each case was of the same moral quality; yet there is an enormous disparity between the two in the comparative evilness of their effects. "It had been a settled maxim of politicians of all schools in England," Professor Egerton reminds us in recording the indignation of the British public at the Kaiser's famous telegram to Krüger, "that, whatever the wrongs or the rights of any particular controversy, South African questions must be settled by England alone and the people on the spot, without outside interference." This was our view; we held to it through the South African War; and the War remained a local conflict. Austria held the same indefensible view regarding Serbia; she precipitated an Austro-Serbian War; and the whole world was involved in the catastrophe. The vital difference here is not in the morality of statesmen, but in the environment in which the British and Austrian Empires have grown up. It is a difference, so to speak, of atmospheric pressure, and shocks which in our atmosphere die harmlessly away, produce shattering effects in the sultry, electrical air of Central Europe.

When we reflect how great a factor these environmental differences have been in the situation which produced the war, we are led to regard the causation of the war with less passion, and to consider rather how the deadly atmosphere in Central Europe can be removed. Is its removal a possibility? Are there feasible remedies—disarmament, arbitration, free trade, the League of Nations—which can solve the nationality problem in Austria-Hungary as satisfactorily as it has been solved in Belgium or Switzerland, or enable Germany to govern herself as democratically as the Western countries? We do not want to aggravate the misgrowth of our opponents, which has brought such calamity upon us all. We want to secure them the same light and air for healthy growth as we ourselves enjoy.

### MR. DICKINSON ON THE GOD-STATE.

"The Choice Before Us." By G. LOWES DICKINSON. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

THIS book is essentially the utterance of a resolute individualism. Mr. Dickinson sees as a chief product of the war the erection of an idol before whose worship, as he conceives, the happiness of men and women will disappear. This idol he calls "the religion of the God-State." Mr. Dickinson conducts a swift examination of its pedigree. Like all preceding religions, it works through a priesthood, that of officialism. Like them, too, it deals in abstract conceptions, which reduce themselves finally to the contemplation and



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culture of its own Being and Power. Like them, it demands the believer's all, his mind and soul no less than his body. But the career of the God-State only reaches to magnificence as it approaches its greatest incarnation, that of a God of War. Peace failed to yield it the perfect surrender it demanded. For Peace favored democracy, and democracy dislikes discipline and preparedness, the two essentials of the War-State, and rejects its final test of devotion, which is the readiness always to kill and be killed. Eliminate these obstacles, give the God-State its perfect environment, banish every utilitarian and human thought, till all mankind grovels abject before the lethal Idea, and the reign of Satanism on earth will have been fully established.

Mr. Dickinson's sceptical analysis of this delusion, uncompromising in its conclusion, is in the restrained manner of his admirable prose, which yields, like Addison, the effect of style without the appearance of it. But it is an arresting argument. As against the abstractness of the war-idea, he insists on the positive character of the peace conception. That, again, has its roots in the highest life to which man can attain in all his finest activities—political and social work, speculation, science, and art. War does indeed achieve one definite spiritual result. It imparts a kind of hardness to human nature. It accepts suffering, cruelty, injustice, all the evils, for their effect in inducing this hardness. But peace founding itself on love, inclines to liberty, because from that fount flow the grace and richness of human nature. Thus peace comes not to destroy the individual, but to fulfil him. All this sounds like a piece of Pauline theology. But it is the very secular argument of Mr. Dickinson's book.

Mr. Dickinson, therefore, reviving the utilitarian idea, aims at subordinating "international politics to the well-being of real men and women." How is this to come about? By making them "real," too. State Imperialism encourages the citizen to look to and increase the "power" of the State, as if people in powerful nations were necessarily better or happier than those in less powerful ones. But in fact no brand of civilization is so superior to another as to deserve exclusive cultivation. Germany excels in industrial organization; we in the art of self-government. Neither has the right to demand the expansion of its ideas at the other's expense. Or take international trade. All citizens in all countries have here a common interest—free transit, free opportunities of entrance into markets, free play for the enterprising. When, therefore, German Protectionists propose a closed Central Europe, and ours an *enclave* of one-fifth of the globe's surface, including an immense control of the common stock of raw materials, they both defeat the practical ends for which modern communities exist. The most difficult case arises when this sacrifice of the common good carries with it a purely national advantage. Then, indeed, the appeal must be to something higher than material benefit. What is a democracy to do when it is tempted, as our people are tempted to-day, to sell a common right of mankind and seek wealth out of a war to which they were summoned as guardians of the national honor? Mr. Dickinson tells it plainly that it must refuse the bribe:—

"As I write, there are dying on the battlefields of the world hundreds and thousands of innocent youths, in anguish such that, if the reader could witness it, he would think his whole fortune lightly spent to bring it to an end. The only thought that enaltes men and women with the ordinary feelings of humanity to endure this fact is their belief that the sacrifice is redeemed by some ideal purpose. What if they should learn that nothing lay behind all this but the competition of rich men to be a little richer or of poor men to be a little less poor? Yet it is just this that those men have in mind who believe that nations ought to make war for economic gain. The whole conception of international relations now current in the world is influenced by this idea that war can be made to pay. Professors, publicists, journalists in all countries put it forward without reprobation as a scientific truth. Well, if it were true? What decent man or woman would say anything else than: 'Let us remain poor, then, to avoid war'?"

The policies of the Paris resolutions and of Mr. Bonar Law's revival of mercantilism are moral blots on the war. They show how the pursuit of State-idealism depraves its votaries. Who in 1914 would have dared to ask British boys to die in order to make some of their fellow-countrymen richer? This degradation of Imperialism proceeds inevitably from the fact that behind all expansionist aims

lies, in Mr. Dickinson's view, an essential indifference to well-being. They are visions of power, not of good:—

"The passion implies the judgment: 'It is a good thing for States to expand.' And I meet this statement at once with the question, Why? What particular people, when and where, are going to be benefited by the expansion, and in what way? What particular people are going to be, I will not say happier (since this school is apt to profess a contempt for happiness, at any rate for other people's), but better or nobler? Suppose that Russia takes Constantinople. How will that affect the Russian peasants? Will they be materially or morally or mentally or spiritually superior to what they are now? Is the ordinary British citizen a better man because he is the citizen of an Empire than his forefathers were in the reign of Elizabeth? Was the individual Roman citizen under Diocletian a better man than the contemporaries of Camillus? Is the individual Swiss, on the average, a worse man than the individual Briton?"

Many of Mr. Dickinson's reflections have a special application to the German idea of "the great State," based on Bernhardt's principle of a "perpetual struggle for possessions, power, and sovereignty." In breaking down this conception all the peoples have a common interest. But they must also develop a common policy. Every European nation, including Germany, insists that the German people shall have more knowledge and more control of foreign policy. All the peoples are equally concerned in claiming that power for themselves. In a word there is a common movement away from the conception of autocracy in foreign affairs. No country is at the moment really engaged in hammering nails into the idol of the "God-State." And we may be sure that, when the war is over, each one of them will be busily hacking its own special Moloch into firewood.

#### WOMEN AND THE POETS.

"The Tenth Muse." By EDWARD THOMAS. (Secker. 2s. 6d.)

Now that Edward Thomas is dead, one is only restrained from moralizing upon the kind of society and attitude he represented by the fear of being led astray into unprofitable conclusions. Indeed, there would be something boundlessly pathetic in the journal of a career so useful and so subdued, so devoted, and so unrewarded, so gently illuminated and unassuming, and really so much betrayed. In the first place, there does not appear to be continuity in it. Thomas wrote books, reviews, and articles in the debatable, shadowy province of literary journalism, and he went on writing them until he enlisted in the Army. Yet during some thirty years of literary work dedicated chiefly to the service of others—which, after all, say what you will of it, is the root principle of criticism—he was always the apprentice and never the master. It would be unjust to his memory to put all the blame on circumstance or the conditions of a period about as indifferent to genuine literary influence as any in our history. For Thomas was never a first-rate critic. He was an extremely sensitive one; refined, accomplished, well-informed, of sincere and admirable, if by no means of infallible taste; honest, scrupulous, generous, of lofty principles and standards; in every conceivable aspect what our forefathers would have called "high-minded." No initiate in a branch of letters which has been degraded from a profession into a trade, could have been less susceptible to the temptations of malice, intrigue, self-interest, and parasitism. If Thomas went wrong—and if not capricious, he was inclined to be a little inexplicable in his judgments—it was out of a proper independence of mind and not because of any pressure from headquarters. But he lacked precisely what the rather indifferent memoir prefixed to this volume claims for him—clearness, certitude, strength, and firmness. It would be a gross perversion of our meaning to suggest that he was flabby and muddled-headed; but one could not but be conscious in no small portion of Thomas's critical work of a certain illusory, tenuous, indefinite, intangible quality, generated, one felt, partly from a pleasure in half-tones and a faint, diffused coloring, but more essentially from a lack of individuality, a dislike of committing himself, of kicking the beam, of sacrificing the security of withdrawal. First and last, Thomas was a non-combatant of letters, and his readers could take it which way they pleased—that he had not a great deal to say, that he had no great wish or impulse to



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say it, that (in the conditions under which he wrote) it was not worth while, that he was a man rather of reflection than expression, that he had not made up his mind quite what to say, or that his philosophy of life (no critic worth the name can be without one) was a matter of temperament not yet moulded and outlined into conviction.

These tendencies were aggravated by the sort of dusty, ramshackle, hand-to-mouth business to which up-to-date criticism has come. In Thomas's later works, there appeared something very like weariness and indifference—as of a man too long broken to an uncongenial task. Quite apart from politics and economics, which, of course, exercise an immense sway over the prosperity of literature, we can generalize pretty surely upon the evil which attends modern criticism—an evil which is nothing new, but something worse, an old novelty hardened down into a routine. That is the elimination of choice. The evil is indeed so far gone that one may say without exaggeration that the very last man to trace the map of his critical career—preferences, convictions, attitudes, all the contingent parts that go to make him entire—is the critic himself. Without being by any means a corrupt instrument, or even consciously an instrument at all, he is still the secretary of the interests he serves. He must not only serve those interests, but serve them in a certain way. His initiative is gone, and he has to look very closely into what transformation the process of adaptation will carry him. And the pathos of Thomas's literary life lay in the struggle to preserve himself and his service to letters from an alien dominion to which he could not yield, and from which he could not free himself. We shall not go far wrong if we attribute the two-mindedness and indeterminacy (not duplicity, for Thomas never lost his delicacy and integrity) implicit in his work, and more prominently in its later phases, partly to his own temper, and partly to the conditions unfavorable to its truer development.

All this seems highly irrelevant to the volume before us, which is nothing more or less than a rapid survey of the influence of women upon the poets. It is a very short book, and the poets in it number twenty-four. It is impossible to imagine that such a subject can have been the natural spontaneous choice of a mind like Thomas's, not vastly interested, on the one hand, with the psychology of human passion (he neither wrote nor cared about novels, for instance) and certainly averse from the vamped up genus of amorous anecdote which has always been the resource of the literary hack. Nor was Thomas by predisposition a biographer. He was a critic, and the biographical summaries which occupy so large a space in a book of so small a compass, can have but faintly engaged his interest. Not that Thomas's fine mind does not manage to squeeze itself now and again into such unsuitable material. The miniature essays on Keats (whose too luxurious candor of native innocence he contrasts acutely with the decorous reticence in true passion of Byron's libertinism), Landor, Shelley, and Burns are marked by a critical subtlety and insight which, irregular as were its manifestations, entitled Thomas to a more generous dose of recognition and its fruits than he ever received. Otherwise, and readable as the book is, it intrigues us obliquely for the mental problem of Edward Thomas and his vocation, rather than directly for the amorous problems of his poets.

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"Geniuses both, if mine the pen more able  
Dowered with an equal spell in ladies' eyes;  
Boasting the same locks of romantic sable,  
Alike in pose, alike in garb and guise;  
Twin souls foregathered at the writing-table,  
Though mine the subtler wit, the keener irony,  
Thou in thy prime wast also fairly Byronic."

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Frankau may be right. A record may be broken, a European reputation eclipsed. But before relinquishing at a word the loyalties of a century let us accord to "One of Us" the consideration its merits demand. Mr. Frankau's Jack, like Byron's Juan, finds himself early. Whilst still at Eton, on the fourth of June, he receives his first assignation:—

"As in a dream he entertains his guests;  
His thoughts were far from each parental platitude,  
Scarcely he hearkened to his aunt's behest,  
Hardly observed his sister's dotting attitude:  
Yet duly eniggered at ancestral jests;  
Nor quite forgot him of the filial attitude  
That tends obedient cheek to mater's lips  
Lest pater should withhold the needed tip."

The tryst is kept; but Jack has a tutor and the lady a brother to play the Don Alfonso of the hour:—

"Grim Tragedy steals stealthily on Farce!  
And now pale Fear usurps the throne of Folly:  
For lo! the awful moon reveals the charmer's  
Brother in dressing-gown and pink pyjamas!"

Next day comes the summons:—

"Gowned in full state, the deep-mouth doctor sat  
To weigh the sins of scholar fools and flannelled;  
Awesome in aspect, sacerdotal, fat";

and the crushing sentence is pronounced. Expelled and exiled, Jack goes a journey, which if it does not start with shipwreck ends with an idyll. Elsa Pumpnickel, of Frankfurt-on-Maine, is a blue-eyed Teutonic Haidée, less exquisite, if more palpable than the romantic offspring of Jean-Jacques:—

"She was as meek a flower of maidenhood  
As ever blew the froth from Loewenbraeu;  
Azure her eyes as Veilchen from the wood,  
Her plaited coils as gold without alloy."

A Backfisch, she, of artifice bereft;  
And well content on simple fare to dine.  
To cook, to sweep, to sew, her hands were deft;  
To bring the slippers or to pour the wine  
For father late returning from Gaecheaft.  
The Jeden-Deinstag-Abend-Tanzverein,  
Her chiefest pleasure; there she hoped and hoped  
Some early day would see her gut-verlobt."

But Elsa's happiness is as brief as Haidée's. With finger almost in the wedding ring her god-like Englishman, "whose every feature betrays the conquering Uebermensch of Nietzsche," is snatched from her by gilded claws:—

"Saved! in the nick of time! Muse blow a clarion  
For Mrs. Vermont, Susie, Mame, and Marion."

The modern muse is attracted westward as irresistibly as a century ago she sought the gorgeous East. Sultans cannot vie for splendor with Old Man Vermont, President of the Vermont Butter Trust, whilst before "the gorgeousness of Gotham's daughters," Gulbayez and all the harems of Arabia pale. Behold how Mr. Frankau's Pegasus caracoles upon the golden shores:—

"Now we that sing must make our Yankees rich,  
Millions on millions pile—on motor, motor,  
They must own Banks, Bonds, Biscuits, Bacon-fitch  
From Patagonia's Pampas to Dakota,  
And every girl who emanates from Mich.,  
Fla., Con., Wis., Ark., Pa., Va., Cal., Minnesota,  
Waggon Wheel Gap or Little Rock or Dallas  
Must be as Dian fair, more chaste than Pallas."

The smart set of New York, "finding his lineage in 'Debreit,'" at once embraces our hero. Unabashed, he mingles with "Corey, Kessler, Jack Johnson, Astorbilt, and Marie Dressler." Stung by jealousy, the Vermont trio carry their prize to Fla., in which languorous clime something of their virgin ice is melted. Tired at last of conquest, Jack boards the womanless sloop, the "Margarine," and there falls victim to a different and deadlier passion. Canto VIII. narrates with a wealth of technicality how "Polycarp without the faintest blush, Raised Hiram forty on a bobtail flush"; and Jack sails for England owing fourteen hundred



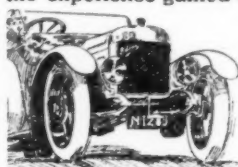
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to his host. We follow him next through many cantos, pursuing his true vocation; dalliance with country-bred misses, liaisons with demi-mondaines of Paris and Piccadilly, intrigues with Mayfair harpies, and a desperate assault on the virtue of the bride of Swift and Swanker's Dry Goods Store. The famous firm has come to hustle London:—

"Howl, Harrod, howl! Let Gordon Selfridge wail!  
Mingle your tears with Woolland's, William Whiteley,  
Lord Mayors, nor Concert Teas, nor Great White Sale,  
Nor shopmen serving never so politely,  
Nor any bargain basement shall avail  
To raise the takings you weep over nightly;  
Since London waked to read that black decree,  
'Our opening Week—All Wares Eleven-three!'"

Prudence Swift is tempted, but remains faithful to her millions, and Jack "too decadent to sin, too bored to bound," fingers his revolver. Suicide is arrested by the timely telegram, and saved by "the wealth of Ermyntude—deceased," Jack turns to thoughts of home and marriage. A Devonshire heiress is appositely recalled:—

"Alice! the train was taking him to her,  
To his pet playmate idolized of old.  
Alice! how straight she sat the leaping cob," &c.,

and the poet ends on a dying fall of otter hunting, freckles, and true love. Thus gloriously, uniting country family to wealth, concludes the epic of a hero's indiscretions. "One of Us" has been hailed by enthusiastic critics as a "great satire"; and if it has been Mr. Frankau's aim, as it was Byron's, to prove that the English are "not a moral nation," he may be said to have succeeded. But satire cannot live by sexual irregularity alone. There is more in "Don Juan" than patchouli, powder-puff, and Piccadilly Circus by night. It is true that Mr. Frankau's *ottava rima* flows with dexterity and "the careless ease of a man of the world"; it is also true that Byron could be as vain and worldly as any modern youth, and that his morality was often as loose as his rhyme. But there yet remains the difference between a great satire and a small one. It may be that Mr. Frankau's estimate of his genius is correct, and that time's revenges will bring the young lions of the twenty-first century to sharpen their claws on his masterpiece, even as he has mauled and—so he tells us—overthrown "Don Juan." But without indulging a vein of prophecy too far we predict that posterity will not disturb Mr. Frankau's reputation, and that the future of "One of Us" will be peace.

## TWO NOVELS.

"Woman Guides." By W. SHAW HEATH. (Heinemann. 6s.)  
"The North-East Corner." By JOHN HERON LEPPER. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"WOMAN GUIDES," if it be, as it appears, a first novel, is a good augury for Mr. Shaw Heath's future. In the first place, he has caught easily and happily the typical shades of middle-class provincial life in a North Country town. Silton, with its tall factory chimneys and black soil, might be any townlet within hail of Manchester; and the Lamincot house "prettily gardened and substantial," where George Brumley, the young solicitor, goes to a party and meets Delia Raine, with her "dazzling beauty and piercing femininity," is as solidly British as Dr. Brumley's surgery on the Milchester Road. One realizes that if this gentle, refined girl, Alice Vivera, had been a shade more assertive she might have kept George Brumley as her lover, and he would have gained a comfortable wife and a happy home. But Delia Raine has an unerring instinct for drawing men to her side, and her feline manoeuvres settle George's fate. Soon George's engagement to Delia is announced, followed swiftly by the marriage and settling of the pair in a nice house at the corner of Raylot Road. Had Delia been the ordinary selfish type of wife with social ambitions, no tragedy would have followed. But her self-indulgence is dashed with a certain recklessness that seeks satisfaction in the excitement of an intrigue. When she runs into debt, and conceals the bills from George, it is easy for a woman of her temperament to borrow the money from her husband's partner, the easy-going Roger Bullen. Roger has an eye for "a fine woman," so soon an intrigue threatens the peace of two families. Mr. Shaw Heath handles the situation with remarkable sureness of touch, and from this point he develops the action on very original lines. George's masterful brother, Dr. Brumley,

by accident discovers Delia's intrigue, and to prevent two homes from being "ruined and blighted," he takes advantage of Delia's illness and removes his patient by poison. Nobody suspects this till the last chapter, when the doctor confesses his act to Delia's sister, now George's second wife. The analysis of his confession and suicide, we are bound to say, is not convincing; for a man who had no scruples in carrying through such a crime would surely not have weakened afterwards, conscience stricken through "his dishonor to his profession." The last scene certainly detracts from what is otherwise a strong and clever piece of work.

People who like a long, honest, leisurely-written story in which the political, business, and domestic life of a typical Belfast country family, a hundred years ago, is skilfully threaded with "a love interest," may spend some agreeable hours over "The North-East Corner." Mr. Lepper lays his foundation with such deliberation that an impatient reader might cast aside the novel, fearing to be bored, but after the preliminary chapters the tale holds one, and one can even admire the old-fashioned solidity of its structure. Too much time, perhaps, is spent in unfolding the mysteries of Whig and Tory Belfast electioneering and of "the bribery list," but there is an amusing scene at the hustings where twenty-five Sons of Freedom, who have been bribed at "twenty guineas a skull, double what we paid anyone else and four times what Bluffington offered," vote for Hamilton, the Whig candidate, to the confusion of their Tory landlord, Rice Owen. Mr. Lepper shows such a fine impartiality in his historical novel that we wish he would take for his next subject the Ulster of 1913-17, with a hero, who, like Sir Edward Carson, is "no great respecter of institutions when they do not suit with his own convenience."

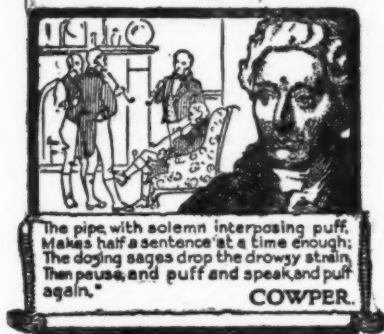
## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Our Aim in the War." By G. G. ARMSTRONG. (Allen & Unwin. 5s.)

MR. G. G. ARMSTRONG has issued two useful pamphlets "Russia's Idea of Peace" and "Peace with Security" which supplement his constructive volume "Our Ultimate Aim in the War." Mr. Armstrong's book was the first which proceeded on the true assumption that the idea of a League of Nations and the territorial settlement of this war are inseparable parts of a single question. He first brought them together, and treated them as an organic whole. His book was a moving and convincing argument, which, without differing widely from the accepted view of the origin of the war, gave a crushing answer to our extremists who were and are prolonging it, by stimulating the fears of the German people. That fear is the primary cause of war is his central thesis—a useful clue to much recent history, though it ignores the more positive motive of economic ambition. It is in this general moral argument that Mr. Armstrong is at his best. He does not claim much first-hand familiarity with concrete questions, and follows Mr. Toynbee generally as to nationality, and Mr. Hobson or Mr. Lowes Dickinson in his constructive proposals. The result is sometimes a little incongruous, as when he follows Mr. Toynbee in dismembering Austria, perhaps the aptest method of prolonging the war by fear. He has moved, however, with the times. In "Peace with Security" he is ready to accept federalism in Austria as the solution. In "Russia's Idea of Peace" he popularizes the proposals made in the "Rabochaya Gazeta," which is sometimes M. Kerensky's organ, for the settlement of nationality by *plébiscite*, and of "indemnities" by a general fund to be distributed in the devastated areas, to which each belligerent shall contribute in proportion to his war-expenditure. As a means of shortening the war, this formula, which might require half the territory in Europe to be flung into the melting-pot, requires a good deal of interpretation. We are not sure that Mr. Armstrong has solved the difficult problem of reconciling his wish for an early peace with his loyalty to an academic principle. For our part, we should resort to *plébiscites* only in the two or three rare cases where autonomy is an inapplicable solution. With the whole tendency of Mr. Armstrong's reasoning we are in sympathy. His manifest sincerity and his moral insight should earn both for the book and the pamphlets an attentive hearing and a wide circulation.



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"Friends Beyond Seas." By HENRY T. HODGKIN, M.A., M.B. (Headley. 2s. 6d. net.)

DR. HENRY HODGKIN'S history of Quaker Missions will be of interest to many beyond the bounds of the Society of Friends. It deals briefly with the unorganized missionary efforts of the early Quakers, which became less frequent as the glowing enthusiasm of the religious revolutionaries of the seventeenth century was replaced by a sober quietism which made the Society of Friends into a little sect whose appeal was to a few, instead of expanding into the wide brotherhood of living Christianity which the vision of Fox had foreseen. More in detail is told the story of the revived interest in foreign missions which arose in the middle of the nineteenth century, and the rapid development which followed it. Of special interest to the general reader is the concluding chapter, which treats of the relation of Quaker mission work to other forms of Christian missions, opening up some of the problems of co-operation towards the solution of which in recent years some of the best work of the Quaker missionaries has been directed. The missionary whom Dr. Hodgkin portrays does not seek to import a foreign ecclesiastical organization, an alien liturgy, or even a formal creed, which must be shaped in terms of thought that cannot correspond to those of the non-Christian peoples to whom he comes: he is the messenger of a religion which is wide enough and deep enough to meet the needs of every race, and will find its expression in different ways of thought, of organization, and of worship, in accordance with the characteristics of each people. He does not seek uniformity, but a deeper unity of spirit, working out a brotherly fellowship between different groups of believers, who each have their contribution to make in developing the many-sided Catholicism of the future.

"British Birds." Vol. IV. Written and Illustrated by H. THORBURN, F.Z.S. (Longmans. 4 vols. £6. 6s. net.)

THE last volume of this work completes a consistent series of all our birds, including some that have very rarely been met with in our islands. Some of them may be heard of more frequently in the future because of this effective aid to their identification, for Mr. Thorburn has spared no pains to give a minute and faithful representation of their plumage. His notes are too short, but good use is made of limited space. There are references to rare songs and call notes, such as the "peculiar rattle impossible to put on paper," with which the pratincole announces its presence, and in a previous notice we referred to useful information of the same kind concerning some of the rare cuckoos. The name of the dotterel, a favorite with everyone, means "little fool," for its confidence is not safely bestowed when human beings are about. Mr. Thorburn quarrels with the name of the oyster-catcher. He might have justified it by tracing the oyster to *ostrea* and recalling that it was once a far more general name for shelled molluscs, including the oyster-catcher's food. Temminck's stint gives us a curious glimpse into bird psychology. When it is driven from its eggs by danger, even while its enemy is in possession, it runs about and picks up insects, the gathering instinct being too strong to be driven out even by an overwhelming disaster. Metaphorical writers will please note that the name of the bird commonly called stormy petrel is storm petrel. We agree with Mr. Thorburn's suggestion that the red-breasted snipe might better be called a sandpiper, for to that class it undoubtedly belongs. The snipes are one of the groups most successfully portrayed in the present volume.

## The Week in the City.

ON the whole, money has been rather tight during the week, with day to day loans commanding as a rule round about 4 per cent., while discount rates have kept firm. The Treasury is advertising the National War Bonds freely, but only about six millions were disposed of in the first week, according to the returns of public income. There has been some recovery in Grand Trunks and other Canadian railways on the official promise that they are to be allowed to advance freight rates. Uruguay, which has just severed diplomatic relations with Germany, is not particularly prosperous, to judge

from the Central Railway, which has just failed to declare a dividend. Rubber shares have been rather good, and hope of improvement in Mexico seems to have revived, to judge by the rise in some of the shares. In spite of the difficulties of trading with Scandinavia, the credit of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark stands extraordinarily high, which may be taken as a proof that City men feel confident that the three Governments will be able to maintain their neutrality. As for home securities, the recovery of last week has been maintained, thanks, no doubt, to military optimism, and to the evident growth of democratic opinion in Germany. It is interesting to learn that the odds offered against peace before Christmas are finding ready takers. In view of the continued fall of bar silver, which was only just over 45 pence per ounce on Thursday, there is at least room for suspicion that the recent rise of price was engineered by powerful speculators who have been unloading.

### HARRISONS & CROSFIELD.

The report of Harrisons & Crosfield Ltd., the well-known rubber and tea estate agents, for the year ended June 30th last shows increasing progress. Net profits, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, depreciation, and excess profits duty, and including interest on the Preference reserve fund, amounted to £187,200, as compared with £154,300 for the previous year. Profits and appropriations for the past four years have been as follows:—

	1913-14	1914-15	1915-16	1916-17
	£	£	£	£
Net Profit	134,300	152,300	154,300	187,200
Preference Dividend	27,500	27,500	32,000	33,000
Pref. Ord. Divd. (10 p.c.)	30,000	30,000	30,000	30,000
Management Shares	30,000	37,500	37,500	52,500
Reserves, &c.	35,100	50,500	54,800	69,800
Carried forward	+11,700	+6,800	—	+1,900

The Preference and Preferred ordinary dividends are the same, but the management shares get 7s. per share, or 700 per cent., as against 500 per cent. for the previous year. The reserve appropriations include £25,000 for general reserve, £25,000 for reserve for income-tax, £5,000 for property reserve, and £7,000 for staff special reserve. Investments standing in the balance-sheet "at cost or under" amount to £549,200, as against £497,100 a year ago, and the report states that the market value largely exceeds the amount shown in the balance-sheet. Stocks are £134,600 higher at £611,636. The directors remark that the restriction of exchange facilities in India and Ceylon, and freight scarcity has increased the difficulties of carrying on such a business as that in which the company is engaged, and in the circumstances the progress shown in the report is highly satisfactory.

### CUBAN PORTS SETTLEMENT.

It is announced that the Committee representing the bond and stockholders of the Cuban Ports Company, who have been conducting negotiations for the past four years to obtain a settlement with the Government of Cuba, have received information that a settlement seems likely to be effected on the basis that Five per cent. Internal Bonds of the Cuban Government, secured against 50 per cent. of the Port Dues, which will be taken over and administered by the Government, will be issued to an amount equivalent to the present outstanding bond issue of the company. Subject to this, it is understood that the assets of the company will be transferred to the stockholders. From the bondholders' point of view, the position will be improved if the arrangement is carried out, for they will exchange bonds of an industrial company for Cuban Government bonds, with the additional security of the allocation of 50 per cent. of the Port dues, which amply covers the service of the bonds. Interest is outstanding as from September, 1915, and it is not stated whether arrears will be paid, but as the funds on which they are chargeable have been regularly collected by the Government, it seems likely that they will. The assets of the company, which are to be transferred to the common stockholders, consist almost entirely, apart from the Port Works, of reclaimed lands, the value of which is an uncertain quantity at present. The market, however, regarded the announcement very favorably, the bonds rising 6 points to 86, and the common stock 4 points to 42 on Tuesday. These prices compare with the lowest of the present year of 54 and 21 respectively.

LUCCELLUM.



